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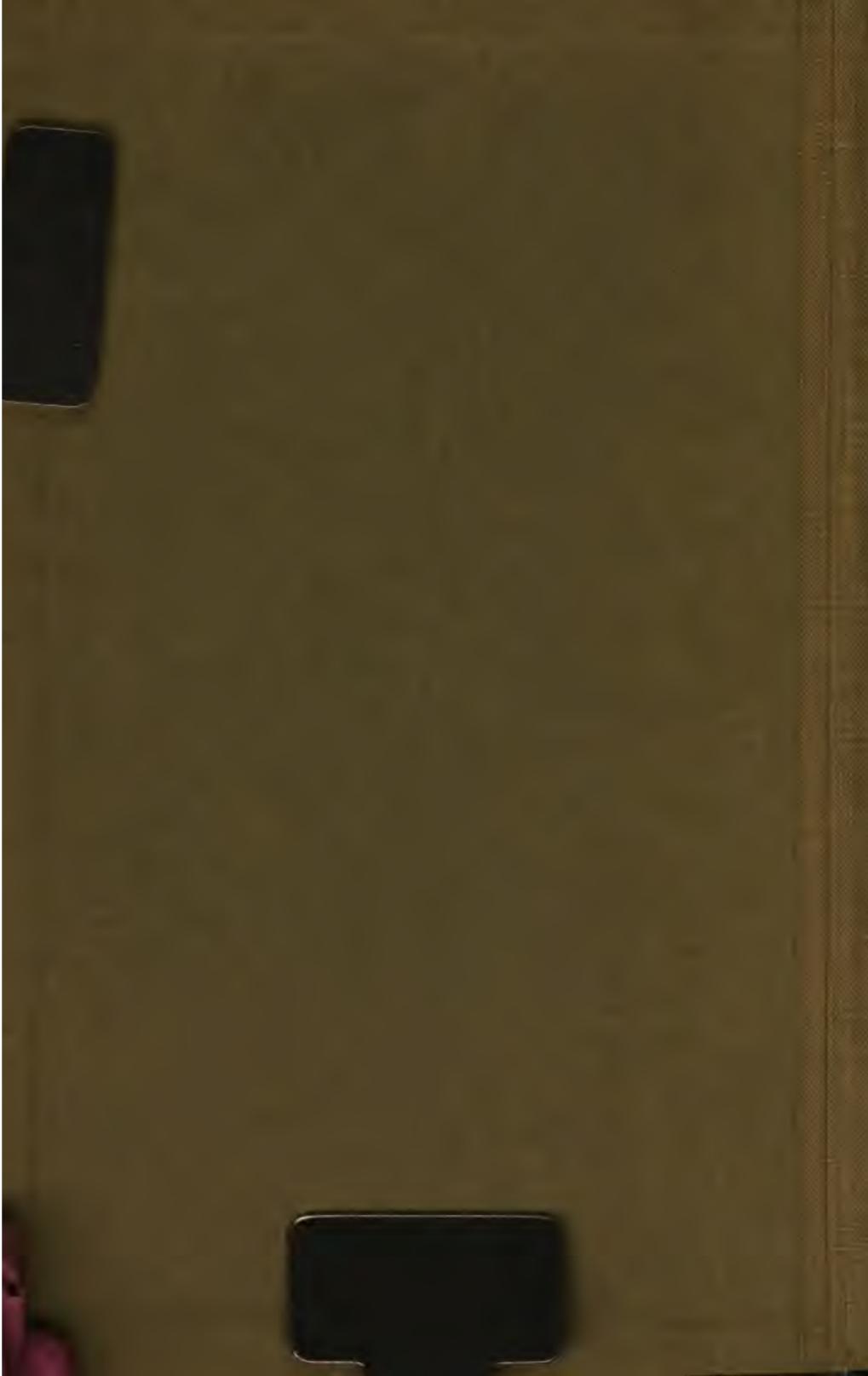
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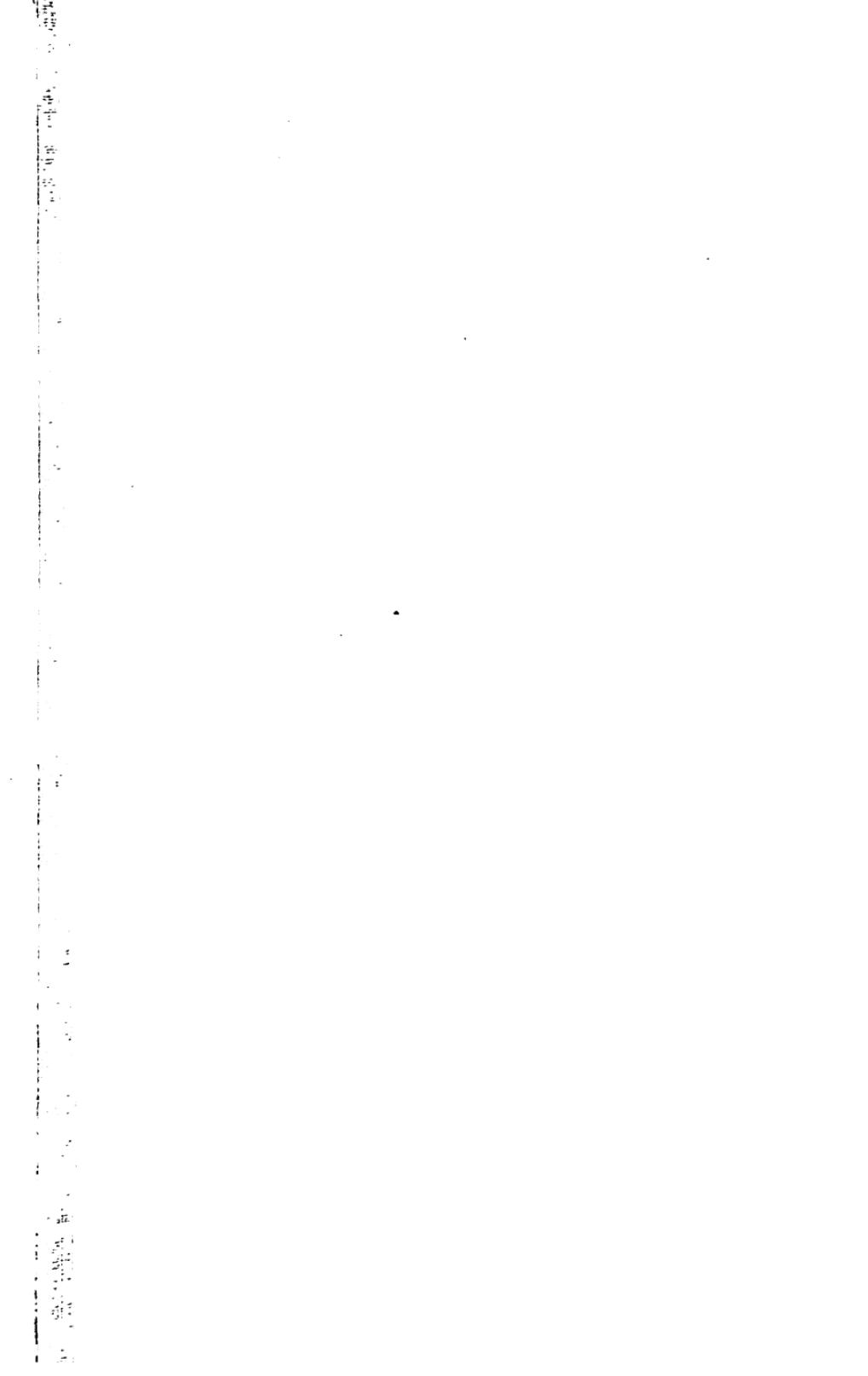


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HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

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ACCOUNTS

OF THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF

RAGLAND CASTLE,

WITH

A VARIETY OF OTHER PARTICULARS,

DESERVING THE STRANGER'S NOTICE,

RELATING TO THAT

MUCH ADMIRE~~D~~ RUIN, AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

COLLECTED FROM ORIGINAL PAPERS, AND UNQUESTIONABLE
AUTHORITIES.

BY CHARLES HEATH.

THE ELEVENTH EDITION.

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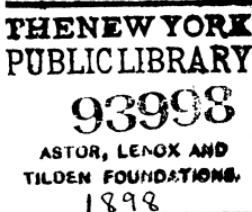
1829.

XX

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

ACCOUNTS

OF THE ANTIETAM AND BURNside STATE OF



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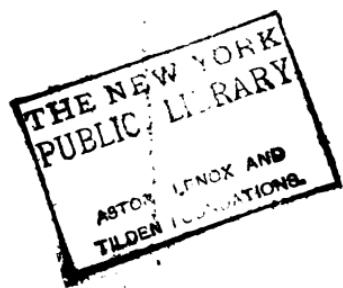
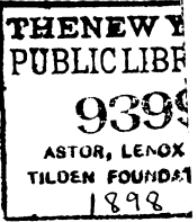
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Supply of the Castle with Grain, &c. &c., not indeed to be got
Fate of the Marquis of Worcester, from the surrender of the
Castle till his decease,
Portrait inconnu, said to be of the Marquis of Worcester at Troy
House, near Monmouth,



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• to whose kindness they owe their origin,
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broke, who lived at Ragland Castle, was descended, with
Notices of the Pembroke family,
Description of Colebrook, the seat of the late Sir Charles Hanbury-
Williams, K. B.; and from thence to Abergavenny, and its vicinity,
Useful information to travellers at Abergavenny, and its vicinity,
Picturesque drive from thence to Crickhowel, six miles, where
the county terminates.

PREFACE.

The sunshine of general favor, the highest of all possible patronage, having claimed a former impression, I hasten, with increased pride of heart, to lay before my readers a new, and, I hope, improved edition, of these my topographical pursuits, which are offered with every degree of respect my due obligations can frame!

Having appeared before them, as the author of these Collections, for the last forty years, all of which have been passed in the same house, and nearly arriving at that period of life fixed as the period of human existence, I shall relate the motives which occasioned their publication, since it has been observed, "that a book is read with more pleasure when we are made acquainted with the writer,"—considering it as a *compte rendu* to the memory of those friends, whose kindness commenced on my arrival at Monmouth, and continued with unabated warmth, till mortality called them, in succession, to their eternal rest,—more especially as it has been the purest source of mental gratification through that long and valuable portion of time.

And why should I be ashamed of such a disclosure, when I have, through their medium, been introduced to many of the most distinguished characters for rank and science in the kingdom; and while I have such an excellent example before me, in the late Mr. Gifford, editor of the Quarterly Review, who, when arriving at manhood, had by his unwearied application to study, broken the iron chains of poverty and obscurity, living to see his periodical work in every literary circle in the united

PREFACE.

kingdom, and at his death to leave an ample fortune, the result of that attention which he devoted in early life.

When I came to Monmouth in the year 1791, I was led by my long acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Chambers (the latter of Broadwaters, near Kidderminster, who had lately made Ragland their residence), to view the Castle; and while standing in the first or eastern court surveying this pile of ruins, I questioned my mind “ That if I felt so much regret at leaving the place of my birth, which was not the property of my family (though the tenure under Lord Foley, its owner, was nearly equal to freehold), what must have been the feelings of the nobleman, on being compelled to resign this spacious edifice, who had the right of calling himself *owner* of the domain ? ”

Returning to the house, I was introduced to the Rev. Mr. Jones, then the officiating minister of Ragland Church; whom I informed of the pleasure I had received in viewing the Castle; adding, how much I should be obliged if he would impart to me somewhat of its *history*.

With great kindness he replied, that he had an “ Account of the building when in its splendor,” which he would transmit to me (a promise he as readily fulfilled); and, by a fortuitous coincidence of circumstances, on making a visit in Monmouth, I observed on the table an old newspaper, containing, “ A List of the Household, and Method of Living, at Ragland Castle, when inhabited by the Earl of Worcester, in 1645,” which was politely given me; and with these documents I went to press; they being as great a novelty to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood as to myself.

PREFACE.

A small impression was soon disposed of, and on its meeting the eye of my much respected friend, the late D. Tregoz, Esq. of Tregirog, whose residence was near the Castle, he took a copy home, and in a short time returned it, with the "Notes and Observations," which bear his name; adding, at a subsequent conversation, what Lord Clarendon had remarked on the dispersion of the Ragland army, raised by the Earl of Worcester for the cause of King Charles I.

From Mr. Rushworth's "Historical Collections" I obtained not only the "Letters," which passed between the Earl of Worcester and General Sir Thomas Fairfax, during the siege, but also the "Articles of Capitulation," at the surrender of the Castle.

In the year 1795, a gentleman, and Fellow of the Antiquarian Society, in travelling through the country, being somewhat detained on his journey, did me the favour of passing an hour at my house; who, on seeing this account, told me, "He had all the Original Letters written by Sir Thomas Fairfax during his command of the Parliament Army, and if on his return home he should find any not here inserted, he would forward them to me." On a second visit, he informed me, "He had carefully looked over the Manuscript Book of Letters above-mentioned, and that he could not add to those which formed so prominent a part of the following pages."

To augment (as it were by an union of fortuitous circumstances), the interest I took in my Collections, the payment of the Chancel in Ragland Church fell in, and from its remaining unclosed for some weeks, gave me access to the vault of the Beaufort family, which afforded

PREFACE.

me (and the public) so dangerous the first time correctly), the opportunity of knowing the characters there inserted, could not be given (T. D. & C. T. T.).

These sources considerably increased my prior store of information; and a love for these researches making me better known to the Rev. Mr. Jones, he permitted the free access to a manuscript book in his possession, relating to families and their property in the county (as if intended to be embodied at a future day), which, united with my own enquiries, closed the hope of adding to the future interest of these pages.

A residence of nearly forty years at Monmouth, has left me like a tree in the forest, whom the axe has deprived of the companions of its former life; but I feel exalting pleasure in the reflection, that my mind and press have been exerted in rescuing from the grasp of time, many interesting circumstances, which were fast lying in oblivion; and but for the friendship of the late Rev'd Doctor Philip Griffin, of Hadnock, the Rev. John Jones, and Dr. Tregoe, Esq. the public might, like the author at his first visit, have contemplated the ruins of the Castle, without the historical documents here presented, of the overthrow of the mansion and its possessor.

No effort has been used to improve the sale beyond what has been claimed by the visitors through the county; and I look back, with a degree of delight, on the many valuable characters who have honoured me with their notice, solely from their knowledge of me as the author of these pages; and to regret that distance precluded me from receiving the valuable aid of their superior talents, in extending the general interest of these collections.

PREFACE.

Convinced that no stranger of taste can tread the ~~coarse~~ ^{soil} of this castle without being awake to its history, some extracts from rare and curious books, intending to confirm my authorities, have been inserted; and though they have somewhat extended the size of the work, they will save him some (probably fruitless) search, as they were only to be obtained after many years of the most active inquiries. No visitor wishes to be told of "the beauty of the scenery that spreads itself around,"—his eye acknowledging that observation—but events connected with the fall of the Castle, instantly assimilate with his inquiries.

C. HEATH.

The attentions which have been lately paid to the Castle and its appendages, by removing the rubbish with which it was choked; the clearing of rooms at the eastern gate, and appointing persons constantly to reside there, as conductors to strangers; the falling of large elder trees and underwood in the second court; the removal of the mass of briers and thorns from the bulwarks, thereby opening the western front of the Castle, (in many places highly beautiful and worthy notice,) rendering the terrace beneath peculiarly delightful; not omitting the walk round the Moat, where the figures of the Roman Emperors were placed; with the regular mowing of the grass, have given to the whole such an air of neatness and order, contrasted with its former state, as to render every part of this interesting structure to be surveyed with the utmost ease and convenience,—executed under the direction of Arthur Wyatt, Esq.

Not less attentive to the best interests of the county, by the improvement of its roads, are the gentlemen acting as

PREFACE.

commissioners in the Usk district. A new line is formed to Caerleon, and from thence to Newport, a distance of eleven miles; which equals, in point of scenery and picturesque beauty, any of those in existence in this celebrated county; and might ultimately be the means of establishing a stage coach conveyance to the western part of the shire, and with it the numerous iron and coal works carried on in that neighbourhood; which, from the never-ending toil of its acclivities, prudence restrained any individual from making the attempt, with the hope of remuneration by public favor, for the accommodation.

The road from Ragland to Usk has little to engage the stranger's notice, except the hilly terminations which bound the horizon (as described from the Yellow Tower of the Castle), for four miles, when we come in sight of the town, situated (like others in the shire), in a delightful valley, and watered by the river after which it is named, confirming the good sense of the Roman officer, who selected it as a station for the "Second Legion of Augustus." It gave, like Monmouth, a monarch to the throne, in the person of king Edward IV. whose daughter Elizabeth united the houses of York and Lancaster, by her marriage with Henry earl of Richmond, afterwards king Henry VII.

The stranger will derive great pleasure in taking a stand on its ancient Bridge, and surveying the beautiful scenery through which the silvery river winds its course, alike distinguished for the excellence of its salmon and trout; and the drive along the margin of its glassy flood, for near four miles, leading to Caerleon, ranks among the most prominent drives in this part of the kingdom.

THE
NEW ROAD FROM MONMOUTH
TO
RAGLAND,
A PLEASANT DRIVE OF EIGHT MILES.

AMONG the many Agrarian Fortresses scattered over this part of the kingdom, the ancient residences of distinguished families, which still rear their ivy-mantled heads, and, though silently, yet forcibly, remind us of the instability of human grandeur, there is not one more worthy the traveller's attention than Ragland Castle.

In surveying the generality of these edifices, we are left in doubt or obscurity respecting either their founders or families who resided in them ; their uses, or the hands which shivered them into ruins ; but, in walking round this Castle, every part may be so distinctly traced, and its purposes so immediately applied, that the imagination has little for conjecture. Indeed, the events which produced its fall are of so recent a date, that they may be said to exist—at least when these Collections were commenced thirty-nine years ago,—in the memory of many inhabitants of the village and surrounding district.

It is situated eight miles from Monmouth, on the direct road from thence to Abergavenny and Usk—gives name to one of the Hundreds of the county, and the dignity of

NEW ROAD

Baron to the honors of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, being stiled Lord of Ragland, Chepstow, and Gower,—the latter place being a Lordship in Glamorganshire, independent of the county and the Sheriff's jurisdiction. His Grace appoints a Bailiff, who backs all legal processes. Tretwr and Crick-Howel, in Breconshire, are alike situated.

Leaving Agincourt Square, we proceed down the improved Monnow Street, and passing under the old gateway (said to be of the age of Edward I. 1272—1307), on the bridge over that river, and making an abrupt turn on the left round the old Saxon Church, (shewn to be of that order by its doorways without, and arch within,) we soon after arrive at a most picturesque scene—disclosing, to the highest advantage, the admired and far-famed situation of the town, being wholly incircled by the streams of the Wye and the Monnow, fronted by the extensive mead of Chippenham (forty-five acres, the race course), at the extremity of which are the delicious gardens, lawns, and terraces, of many of the most opulent inhabitants (the dress circle on that joyous occasion), the town filling up the centre of the landscape, in the back ground of which rise the wooded eminences, proudly bearing on their lofty summits what are often destined to form the wooden walls of old England, justifying the rapturous expression of Mr. Gray, that it was the very seat of pleasure!

Proceeding along this fine carriage way, and passing Troy House, a seat belonging to the duke of Beaufort, occupied by Arthur Wyatt, esq. his grace's agent, we make our *congee* to the wandering Wye, and enter on a

TO RAGLAND.

line of road lately laid down, which follows the course of another tributary stream, and enter the parish of

MITCHEL-TROY,

Or the Church dedicated to St. Michael on the river Trothy, from being placed on its shore, whose water unites with that of the Monnow and Wye, a short distance below the before-mentioned nobleman's mansion. The meadow land, through which this river winds its course, is particularly distinguished for its fertility; but it often suffers great loss, from the rapid manner it overflows its banks, carrying with it the destruction of the farmer's hopes in this part of his produce.

THE CHURCH

Has lately been new pewed, and its chancel window ornamented with rich stained glass,—conferring an appearance truly compatible with the purposes to which it is devoted,—but there are not any monuments, either ancient or modern, within its walls, to claim the notice of the scientific traveller.

A neat Parsonage House has also been erected near the Church. The Living, united with that of Cwmcarvon, an adjoining parish, is now held by the Rev. — Talbot, who here resides.

The opposite shore of the Trothy, is formed by the parish of

WONASTOW,

Derived from Saint Wona, the name of an ancient British Saint, who probably had a cell here, and Stowe, Saxon, which signifies a place or dwelling.

NEW ROAD.

AT WONASTOW,

The view unfolds itself in a beautiful and extensive manner, over a rich and fertile country, bounded by the Breconshire and other mountains,—among which the Blouens, Yscarith-vawr, and Sugar-loaf, make the most prominent appearance.

In the time of queen Elizabeth, this estate belonged to Sir T. Herbert, a branch of the Pembroke family, who left an only son named Henry, his heir. This Henry (in whom terminated the male line of the family), had issue by marriage an only daughter, named Christian, sole heiress, who was married to George Milborne, esq. His descendant, the late Charles Milborne, esq. (in whom the male line of his family also became extinct), left an only daughter, sole heiress, named MARY, who, on the 27th of April, 1793, was married to Thomas Swinnerton, esq. of Butterton Hall, in the county of Stafford, in whose possession it now remains. By this lady Mr. Swinnerton had three daughters; one married to Charles Kemeys Tynte, junior, esq. (son of C. K. Tynte, esq. of Halswell House, Somersetshire, M. P. for Bridgewater, in that county); another to — Bagott, esq., and Mary, to Sir William Pilkington, Bart., who, since his union with this lady, has made Wonastow an occasional residence, dividing his time between Monmouthshire and his fine property in Yorkshire.

This estate, in point of rental, ranks amongst the first in the county;—and on the site of the ancient building, Mr. Swinnerton has erected a handsome house, and further modernized the premises, as to render it one

TO RAGLAND.

of the most elegant residences* in the neighbourhood of Monmouth. Mrs. Swinnerton died on the 20th of May, 1793, leaving issue the above daughters.

THE CHURCH

Is situated close to the House,—secluded from view by flowering shrubs and trees,—but it is a very small one, consisting only of a nave without side-isles, and a low tower adjoining the west end.

Great care and pains have been taken by Mr. Swinnerton, in restoring the monuments and armorial bearings on stained glass, in the chancel window, to the memory of the Milborne family, and the interior rivals in neatness, any church of its size in the surrounding district.

On the pillar which supports the centre arch of the church, within the reading desk, is an inscription, in Saxon character. Probably the name of the builder of the church, or the name of some churchwarden. The

* It has been remarked, "that Troy House lies low," but no observation can be more true, than "that we should walk to our prospect to enjoy its beauties," for Mr. Wyatt has caused such a drive to be made through a part of the estate called Troy Park, the fine woodland and hilly ground by which it is surrounded; whose summit is crowned with the finest navy timber, that will justify the truth of such a well founded axiom.

In like manner it may be said of Wonastow, for if you walk a short distance from the house in any direction, the eye will be regaled by such a combination of beauty, as to form a landscape which would gratify the mind of the first painter of the Italian school; and like its opposite neighbour, Troy House, the most beautiful Trees in form, and of the grandest size, add their charms to this desirable property.

NEW ROAD

fountain, used for holding holy water, at the entrance into the church, is quite perfect, a circumstance seldom seen.

The Living, which is a vicarage, endowed with the rectorial tithes, is in the gift of Mr. Swinnerton. The present Incumbent is the Rev. William Powell, vicar of Abergavenny.

About two miles from Wonastow, in the parish, and on the same bank of the river, stands

TRE-OWEN.—A NOBLE MANSION.

The name is derived from the Welsh, which signifies Owen's Home or House,—in all probability called after the original owner, and has continued to be so to the present day.

The late William Jones, Esq. of Clytha, who was descended from the proprietors of this place, furnished a pedigree of his family (inserted in Mr. Williams's History of Monmouthshire,) from King Henry I. (1100) down to himself and nephew, John Jones, Esq. of Lanarth Court, near Abergavenny, in whose possession it now remains. The last of the family that made it a residence, was Sir Philip Jones, Knt. lieut.-colonel of the troops raised in Monmouthshire for King Charles I. This gentleman, his lady, and family, were in Ragland Castle with the Marquis of Worcester when it surrendered to the Parliament forces,—since which time it appears to have been tenanted by farmers, who rented the estate.

It occupies a commanding situation, being placed on the top of a ridgy hill, from whence are surveyed some of the most interesting scenes of Monmouthshire.

TO RAGLAND.

Over the entrance of the chief front is placed a square stone, charged with the armorial bearings of nine different noblemen and other characters, formerly of high rank in this county.

A correspondent dignity pervaded the whole of the interior. A staircase, two yards wide, consisting of seventy-two steps, with worm balustrades, each near twelve inches in circumference, the hewels on the quarter spaces two feet round, the whole of solid oak, which still remains perfect, led to the bed chambers, which I think, taken together, stands unrivalled in the kingdom ; and the kitchen is of such a height, that the occupier is obliged to make use of a long ladder to take the delicious gammon off the hooks on which it is suspended.

The pleasure grounds which surrounded the house, are converted into farm lands ; and the fish-ponds, of which there were several, are all drained, their dam heads having been cut through, in which state they now remain. In short, every part seems to have been laid out on such an extensive scale, as to give reason for supposing, that when it was occupied by Mr. Jones's ancestors, it was one of the most beautiful seats in this county.

There was living at Stanton, near Monmouth, the latter end of the year 1796, a widow woman of the name of Lucy Reynolds, at the very advanced age of one hundred and nine years ! whom curiosity prompted the writer to visit, whose parents rented the estate, and in which house she was born.

Directing his enquiries to the state of the mansion when they lived there, she said, *it was a brave place,* —

NEW ROAD.

and, on wishing her to describe what space of ground it occupied, said, "The buildings extended as far as the edge of the (at that time) turnpike road." [This assertion the then tenant of Tre Owen did not wholly believe; though stones of a large size were lying about very near it, which, from their shape, seemed to have been used for building purposes. But William Jones, Esq. of Clytha, informed me, "that a considerable part of the buildings had been taken down within his memory."]

The fish-ponds above-mentioned were all destroyed before her time, nor could she point out any thing else relating to it, more than is already noticed.

She was a woman of short stature, rather inclined to corpulency, but possessed the faculty of memory, hearing, and speech, in wonderful perfection, replying to questions with a quickness and fluency of utterance bordering on rapidity; and her voice was full, clear, and distinct, as those who attended on her (and particularly if her meals were not duly served), could amply vouch for. Neither her hands, fingers, or nails, were shrivelled or contracted, but remained as fine and as soft as those of a lady, who had been exempted all her life from the most trifling domestic duties. She suffered from the loss of sight for some years, which privation was soothed by a pension of Ten Pounds per annum from that benevolent institution, the Emanuel Hospital in London.

Under the same roof with the old lady lived—her daughter, grand-daughter, and her great grand-children; (the latter a beautiful and healthy little flock,) making four generations in one house!

TO RAGLAND.

A few days after the writer saw her, she walked out for the benefit of the air ; but, through rejecting aid in being led, she fell over the step of the door on her return into the house, which brought on an illness, that (after lingering two months) terminated in her death. She was in such good health and spirits at the time this visit was paid; that he promised himself a frequent repetition, but who can say, that "to-morrow shall be a day of happiness."

With regard to public events, she well remembered the rejoicing in England on the accession of Queen Anne to the throne of these realms, in the year 1702. She lived in the reigns of Five Monarchs, viz. King William and Queen Mary, Queen Anne, Kings George I. II. III. and if born before February 13, 1689, under Six, because that would include James II.

During the time devoted to forming these Collections, I have taken a particular degree of pains in becoming known to many people, in possession of their faculties, at extreme age ; and it is somewhat singular, that in so proscribed a parish as Wonastow, two persons should have lived and died in it, to whom God had granted such distinguished longevity.

On Saturday, the 24th of January 1823, died, at the house of her son, Mr. William Watkins, of Wonastow corn mills, Mrs. Ann Watkins, at the advanced age of *one hundred and four years!* This female, to whom her Maker had decreed patriarchal extent of life, was a native of Brinsop, about six miles from Hereford, and in that county, where she married and settled, but for *

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the last thirty years had resided with the above Son, from whom she received the most affectionate attention that filial duty could frame, to the moment of her decease. She enjoyed a particular share of good health till within three weeks of her death—could see to read till within these two years, when the sun shone bright as she stood at the window with a book in her hand—could walk from her chamber to her sitting room without help, till within a month of her existence, and her countenance possessed a portion of the floridness of youth till she became confined to her bed. The family at Wonastow House (to whom the son had long been a tenant) took much notice of the old lady, by visiting her, and administering to her comforts. She was, through life, a cheerful, active, industrious woman—rearing, by her own exertions, a family of nine children with which she was left, by her husband dying a young man, whom she had the happiness to witness all become useful and valuable members of society. Nor is it less remarkable, that her remains were consigned to the same tomb, in Wonastow churchyard, in which had been deposited those of her relative, Mrs. James, who lived to the like patriarchal age of one hundred and one years! and that the funerals, on each occasion, had an equal difficulty in reaching the churchyard, from the overflowing of the river Trothy, which was as high in January 1823, as it was fifty years ago—the highest in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant in that neighbourhood.

Having resided for a longer period at Monmouth than Mrs. Watkins had at Wonastow, it was not in her

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power to add to the improvement of these pages, as many others had done, by living to a great extent of years; and, from passing the whole of them in the county, had treasured up in their remembrance the events of youth—bringing, as it were, the actors in these great scenes on the theatre of human life, and making them again pass in review before us; yet I thought it an interesting obituary notice, and I would not insult the good sense of any traveller by supposing, that he would peruse, with apathy or indifference, these fine moral feelings, which, by cultivating, advance us in the scale of thinking beings, and are in perfect unison with that express command of our Maker, who has promised *length of days* to those who fulfil this high duty to their parents.

DINGATSTOW.

By Dr. Griffin I was told, this parish derived its appellation from DINGAT, the name of a *Saint*, and Stow [Saxon] a place or dwelling; who, like Saint Wona, at the parish before mentioned, probably had a Cell here. It is called in Welch, Lan-Dingat, which may be deemed corresponding testimony of its derivation, it signifying the “Church of Saint Dingat,” but now corrupted to *Dinnetow*.

In the Manuscript Book held by the late Reverend John Jones, of Hillgrove, the following information was extracted, relating to this Parish, viz.

“ DINGESTOW,

“ The house and situation—meadows—fishponds 3 or 4.
“ Mills,—a malt mill and a wheat mill on the great pool,
“ which is fed by two brooks, the one coming from Ragland.

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" The fish in this pool, at the drawing by the soldiers, valued
" at fifty pounds.

" Lime-stone on the grounds of Mr. Jones, and a quarry of
" excellent stones for window stanchions, of which the bow
" windows in the parlour were made—three pair of stairs, 2 in
" turrets, 1 in the middest.

" A fair court before the gates which enters the house, with
" walks raised, and set with elms, to walk upon; and at the
" entrance of this green court a fair gate.

" And this parish is watered by the river TROTHY, which
" aboundeth with fish, and PELKIN CASTLE is in this
" parish."

In a schedule of the estates of William Earl of Pembroke, beheaded at Northampton, taken in the 8th of King Edward the Fourth [1469], he is there said to have died seized of the "*Castle and Lordship of Dingatstow, in the Marches of Wales,*" among other large possessions in this part of the kingdom.

The CASTLE was situated on the North side of the Church; and, as the late Daniel Williams, esq. of Wonastow, informed me, was (in his day), inhabited by a farmer of the name of Anthony; since which time it has been pulled down, and the stones hauled away to mend the turnpike roads; so that a vestige of it does not now remain, and its site fallen into an equal oblivion.

Dingatstow Court Heuse and Estate (producing, to its last possessor, Richard Jones, esq. of that name,—familiarly known by the appellation of *Happy Dick*, resulting from a humorous Song made on his marriage),—about six hundred pounds a year, he sold to the late James Duberley, esq. (uncle to Sir James Duberly, of

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Gains Hall, in Huntingdonshire)—who enlarged the property, by the purchase of considerable estates around it, and also expended a large sum of money in modern improvement.

At his decease, the whole devolved to five daughters, joint heiresses, with whom it continued till the year 1800, when it was sold to SAMUEL BOSANQUET, Esq. of Forest House, Epping Forest, who has further modernized the premises, as to render it a pleasant retreat for a family of fortune, to which purpose it is devoted.

The south aspect, now a fine lawn, was, in Mr. Jones's days, a very large orchard, and some of the trees are here and there remaining.* At the bottom of this orchard was a spacious fish-pond, which covered two acres and a half of ground, with others of less size, richly stocked with fish, and on it Mr. Jones kept a pleasure boat for the amusement of himself and visitors. These ponds are now converted into meadow land, though the forms are still remaining.

The MS. mentions the fish in this pool to have been "sold for fifty pounds," the writer supposes it must allude to the time when Ragland Castle was besieged, it lying about three miles from "the Leaguer Fields,"

* Though Mr. Jones was an avowed disciple of Epicurus, no man dispensed the luxuries of his table to his friends with a more generous heart. Some glass goblets belonging to him, were preserved by the late Mr. William Duberly, of Monmouth, from which, in that beverage their former owner loved, I at my friend's table, have drank in happy moments to his equally happy memory. They are now in my possession—presented to me by his brother, Sir James Duberly.

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where General Fairfax was encamped. The pool must have been unusually richly stocked, to have produced such a sum, and under such circumstances of sale, when probably the first bidder was the purchaser, or took the fish at his own price.

During the troublesome times, of Charles the First, Mr. Jones's ancestors appear to have sided with the Royal Cause;—for, according to an interesting book, in my possession, of that period, among the gentlemen, in this county, who suffered for their attachment to his Majesty, Mr. Richard Jones, of this place, is put down at three hundred pounds.

THE PARISH CHURCH

Is situated in a valley, and near the river Trothy, surrounded by fine meadow and corn lands; but it is a mean building, and has nothing to attract the eye of curiosity, consisting only of a nave without side-isles. From its very simple construction, I judge it to be of considerable antiquity.

In the wall, at the end of the Chancel, is a large stone, to the memory of Mrs. Jones, of Dingatstow Court, bearing a Latin Inscription, of which the following is a Translation:

" In this grave are deposited the ashes of Maria, wife of Richard Jones, esq. of this parish, descended from the ancient and noble family of Throgmortons, in the county of Warwick, a woman of a most excellent and charming disposition, and the most polite and engaging manners. While living she was much beloved, and after death not less lamented. She died the ninth day of February, in the year of Christ 1741, leaving an only daughter, named Maria. Her husband, Richard

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" Jones, being deprived of a dear and amiable wife, the comfort
" of his existence, has erected this, as some kind of memorial of
" her virtues. May she rest in peace. Amen."

On a stone, leaning against the wall, on the left side
of the foregoing :

" Here lyeth the body of Richard Jermyn, Jones, gent. who
" departed this life the 7th of September, Ano. Dom. 1736,
" aged 6 weeks."

About a mile to the northward of the church, and in
this parish, stand the remains of a monastery called

GRACE DIEU;

Or the Abbey of God's Grace, on the River Trothy:

A small Abbey of the Cistercian order, built in the year
1226 [10 Henry III.], by John of Monmouth, knight, to
the honour of the Blessed Virgin. Here were, 26 Henry
VIII. [1535] only two monks, and possessions to the
value of 19*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.* per annum, according to Sir William
Dugdale, but 26*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* in the whole, according to a
M.S. in the First Fruits Office. It was granted 37 Henry
VIII. [1546] to Thomas Herbert and William Bretton.
It is called at the present day,

" PARKER'S DIEU,"

Being a corruption of 'par gracie Dieu.' The buildings
have been converted into a dwelling house, and are occu-
pied by Mr. Cummins, who rents the farm.

The Convent Seal was in the possession of the late
John Powel Lerymer, esq. who shewed and favored me
with an impression of it, when residing at Perthyre, near
Monmouth.

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The former road, from the cottage farm ("Croft-y-Lloj,"—Welch, "the place for feeding calves,") running parallel here with Dingestow Court estate on the right; and the fine woodland property on the left hand, extending from thence for near three miles, to its junction with the old turnpike road to Ragland, included that portion of its line, upon which the occupiers of farms, lying on or near its confines, were obliged to travel upon to market, and at other times, for five out of twelve months of the year at the risk of their lives, and from its perils, the writer has often prayed for a 'safe deliverance.' In witnessing the London and Milford mail (travelling at its accustomed rate),—the equipages of the nobility and gentry passing to and from their respective residences,—with stage coaches, and other conveyances, adding their effect to the *moving picture*,—and contrasting it with its former *frightful hollows of despair*; the improvement is worthy of being ranked among the most prominent acts that have taken place in this county, for facilitating the intercourse of society.

To give the reader a faint idea of what it was, before the former communication with Usk by way of Ragland, the late Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Monmouth, informed me, that it was deemed expeditious labour for a horse, carrying on his back the usual load of three hundred weight, (stage waggons not being then in use,) to travel from hence to Usk, a distance of only thirteen miles, in the course of *five hours!*—He had a good horse, that frequently went loaded with his property; and such was the exertion often necessary to be made, that he had seen the *blood start from the nostrils* of the animal, in endea-

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voaring to extricate his feet from the depth of soil they had sunk into.—He concluded his observations by remarking, that “ posterity would scarcely credit the state “ of the roads, as here represented, during the middle of “ the eighteenth century.”

Monmouthshire has long been distinguished for the abundance of its fine and valuable *Forest Trees*. A friend of mine calls the *Oaks* and *Elms* *the weeds of our county*, and no appellation can be more correct; for wherever they find *protection*, they “ *grow apace*.”—In walking to Ragland, no objects so much interest my mind, as witnessing the *rapid growth* which they exhibit in many places.

The avenue of *Elms*, leading from the Lodge to Wonastow House, were, in 1791, mere saplings,—being shrouded with paling, to prevent them from injury by cattle when at pasture,—which are now arrived at such maturity, as to form an highly beautiful *introductory appendage* to the Mansion.

In like manner, a small inclosure, called *Park Vreich*, at the distance of two fields from Croft-y-Lloi, in which were numerous *OAK STORES*, have arrived at such perfection, rearing their heads in lofty grandeur, that, in a few years more, will greatly add to the value of the fine woodland property which forms an extensive part of Dingestow Court estate.

This luxuriance I attribute to the deep, miry, wet, clay soil in which they grow, where their roots may strike many feet deep without interruption. It is not, indeed, confined to any particular part, it declares itself through

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every portion of Monmouthshire, where the hand of care fosters it from injury. The hedge-rows of Ragland Castle Farm were, if not now, till very lately, thickly studded with Oak Stoggles; for, on the authority of the late Philip M. Hardwick, esq. of Monmouth, (who passed a long life in the town,) timber was, in his time, of no saleable value, because the owners of it could not bring any quantity to market, from want of roads:—hence, the occupiers of estates took such parts of a tree as were most suitable for their purposes, either in or out of the house;—aye, says he (to use his own expression), “the whole tree, if they wanted it.”

To this mutilation may be attributed the decayed state in which so many hundred fine oaks appeared; but their number has been lessened, in a great measure, by the high price of bark—through the value of which they were sold—and after being stripped, have been left, in many places, standing on the estate, the purchasers not considering them worth the expense of removal from where they grew.

The great extent of Coppice Woods on the left, formed by Dingatstow Great Wood, belonging to S. Bosanquet, Esq. and that of Pen-y-clawdd, Welsh, (so called by being situated at the extremity of a dike or ditch, from whence the parish takes its name, the church being placed on the summit of a miry eminence, which John Bunyan would call *hill difficulty*, if he had to ascend it in a winter evening)—the property of the Duke of Beaufort, afford excellent covers for cockshooting, an amusement in which the qualified inhabitants take much delight throughout the whole country.

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From the former difficulty in obtaining lime or manure, the estates in this immediate neighbourhood did not exhibit the fertility apparent in more accessible parts of the county; but by the removal of this obstacle, the occupiers of land are able to cultivate their farms with the like advantages of their brother agriculturists.

After passing through the parish of Dingatstow on the right, and near "Upper and Lower Tal-y-Van" farms, (Welch, *the upper and lower part of an headland place*), on the left, we gain some rising ground, which discloses a portion of the vale of Usk, with its lofty terminations, formed principally by the Devauden, Wentwood Chace, and other eminences, near Caerleon and Newport, whose expanse form a pleasing contrast to the confined district noticed in this excursion.

The Farm house on the right, is called The WARAGE, from its being the place where the *army horses* were kept belonging to the Castle, until brought from thence into the garrison previous to the siege. And near it is

THE WELL,

Which is supposed, by Mr. Tregozze and others, to have supplied this Castle with Water.

In a field adjoining the former turnpike road to Monmouth, two miles from Ragland, stand the building which inclosed the Well, and within it the Well, which supplied the Castle with water. In confirmation of this assertion, many of the Pipes which conveyed it, have been ploughed up in the fields in which they were laid, by successive occupiers of the Castle Farm. They were

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of two sorts, Lead and Earthenware; but many of them were purposely dug up, and sold, by the chief carpenter under the grandfather of the present Duke of Beaufort. I was favoured with a piece of this pipe, which is made of clay, but so well and judiciously burnt, that though it had lain under ground some centuries, it would still defy the injuries of time and weather for ages to come. Judging from that part in my possession, they appear to have been made with bell mouths, and fixed one within the other. It measures ten inches in circumference, the diameter of the bore two inches, which would throw about 200 gallons of water per minute. No opinion can be formed of their length from the above fragment, it measuring only four inches.

Sir Thomas Fairfax must have been unacquainted with the circumstance of the Castle drawing its supply of so necessary an article from this source, though distant only a mile from his camp, or he would have destroyed it during the siege; whereas it is now quite perfect, except the roof, which being decayed by time, might have been taken down to prevent its falling in.

A short distance brings us in union with the former turnpike road, and in view of those leading features of curiosity; the Castle, Church, and Village of Ragland, which form the future subjects of these pages.

Entering upon this branch of communication, the large piece of old pasture land on the left, is called The Leaguer Field, being the Camp of Sir Thomas Fairfax, from whence the letters that passed between the General and the Earl of Worcester are dated, during the siege of the Castle. The Forest Field, where Mr. Jefferies was

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used to "pick up bullets and coins," nearly adjoins it; and at the extremity of the Leaguer, to which the hedge forms a boundary fence between the Castle and Lower Argoed farms, were the fishponds, which the reader will find noticed in another part of this work. We now soon enter the village, and arrive at the Beaufort Arms Inn.

Ragland derives a great degree of cheerfulness from standing in the centre of four principal turnpike roads, which branch from it, viz. Chepstow, from whence it is distant twelve, Abergavenny ten, Usk five, and Monmouth eight miles, all good market towns; which is still further increased by that interesting object the Castle, whose magnificent Ruins are resorted to by strangers from every part of the kingdom. The soil is a stiff clay, very favourable to the growth of wheat, large quantities of which grain it produces,—with fine meadow and pasture land; nor are the orchards undeserving of mention, though they are not so numerous as in some parts nearer Herefordshire. The estates of the Duke of Beaufort include nearly the whole of the parish.

The Mail Coach, to and from London and the South of Ireland, passes up and down daily through the village; the Regulator London and South Wales Coach alternate days—up every M. W. and F. evenings, down the next mornings; and London and other waggons backwards and forwards regularly. To be brief, a stranger who wishes to remain a short time in looking over the country, would find Ragland a very central situation, and near those objects of attraction, Tintern Abbey, Pensford Walks, Chepstow, the Passages, Usk, and Abergavenny,

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all of which are highly worthy of his notice. The Beaufort Arms is a spacious Inn, kept by Mrs. Hallen, affording that quiet and comfort, so much to be desired by visitors, who travel with the view of enjoying these scenes at their convenience.

ETYMOLOGY.

Ragland derives its name from *Rhaglaw*, Welsh, “The Seat of the Chief Governor of the District.” In support of Dr. Griffin’s definition, I insert the kind communication of another clergyman, whose civilities I acknowledge beyond a trifling etymology.

Ragland, in my opinion, is derived from Rhaglaw, which is the Welsh word commonly used for a Governor. It is well known that Ragland was formerly spelt Rhaglan,—the Welsh sound of the letter W not being pleasant to an English ear, the letter N was gradually substituted in its stead, first in the pronunciation, and afterwards in the spelling. This transition appears to me very probable, for we have a further instance within these very few years, viz., that to Englishize the word still more, the letter D has been added to it.

When we consider the simplicity of the word, and how far the Church was connected with the Castle—built very probably for the use of the family there residing—nothing could be more consistent than that the Church should be called the “Governor’s (Rhaglaw) Church.” This derivation not having been any where before attempted, may prove interesting to those readers who wish to be acquainted with it.

THE CASTLE OF MONMOUTHIA

A PRACTICAL GUIDE
TO THE APPROACHES AND APPROACH FROM THE
VILLAGE TO THE CASTLE.

ALIGHTING at the Beaufort Arms Inn, we return a few hundred yards on the Monmouth road, when after passing the bridge at the foot of the descent,* we arrive at a gate leading into the castle farm, through which Mr. Wyatt has caused to be laid down a spacious carriage drive; and, instead of the miry holloway by which we were heretofore led, it forms a fine walk for company to the object of their attraction.

When I came here in 1791, the eastern part was incircled by high paling, in the centre of which was a lofty gate of entrance, the ground by which it was inclosed on each side being planted with fruit trees by Mr. Evans, one of the early tenants of the farm, which confer a very cheerful appearance in the blossom season; but the former falling into decay, Mr. Wyatt has removed this protection and laid it open, so as to increase the pleasure of the distance, by a broad walk to the first or entrance court of the castle.

* The old Barn now in existence within the fold-yard, at the head of this rise, is all that remains of the original Village Inn. According to information (I believe obtained from Mr. Jones's MS.) it was called "The Crown," and here situated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This circumstance is intitled to belief, for the meadows which lie below, and belong to Mr. Hallen's farm, retain the name of "The Crown Fields" to the present time.

APPROACH TO THE CASTLE.

Here has been erected a strong gate; partly formed by the figure of a portcullis, the crest of the family, and a part of the Stone Pillar, restored to the state in which it shewed itself when the castle was in its splendor. On ringing the bell here placed, strangers are received by the persons who constantly reside here, and are in attendance to conduct the visitor over the castle, of whom this account of these baronial remains may be obtained.

It has been pleasantly remarked; "When the King
" [Charles the First], first entered the gates of Ragland,
" the Marquess [of Worcester] delivered his Majesty
" the keyes according to the ordinary custom; the King
" restoring them to the Marquess, the Marquess said,
" I beseech your Majesty to keep them if you please,
" for they are in a good hand; but I am afraid that ere
" it be long, I shall be forced to deliver them into the
" hands of those who will spoil the complement."—
Apothegms of the Earl of Worcester.

THE CASTLE OF GLOUCESTER.

Belonging to the Hon. Sir J. C. B. and others.

THE

CASTLE IN ITS PRESENT STATE,
AS IT IS NOW SHEWN.

THE FIRST, OR EASTERN, COURT.

THIS front possesses a grandeur superior to every other part of this magnificent edifice. The towers which defended the principal entrance, with the broken angle of the Yellow Tower or Citadel, forcibly arrest the stranger's attention on his entrance into this Court. It would be difficult, indeed, to find language sufficient to express, in its just colours, our admiration of this scene. Like the entrance into Tintern Abbey, we stand before it overcome by the power of its imposing dignity, and feel unwilling to proceed to other parts of this extensive ruin.

Ivy, in one large and continued *mass*, had covered the left-hand Tower from its base to its utmost summit, and time was fast adding its wild tapestry to those on the opposite side of the gateway; but I rejoice to inform the visitor, that the good taste of Mr. Wyatt, has within these few years, caused the pruning knife to be so judiciously used, that where the architecture was screened by foliage, it has been removed in such a manner, that the beautiful parts it veiled have been restored, and now discloses several ornaments which had long remained covered with this plant, "attached to grandeur in decline;" and we

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are henceforth led to hope, that it will never be suffered to cloath those fine towers on the latter side, whose masonry is as perfect, though ages have passed away, as when the masons left the scaffold.

These ideas I have always cherished, " That when the ivy covered only lengthened walls, or parts of no moment to the visitor, for it to remain ; but where any of the windows or doorways were hid by its intrusion, to disrobe them of the obtruder, which Mr. Wyatt has followed in every part of the building, which will meet the eye of taste, as it perambulates the different courts, from one extremity of these remains till it leaves the Castle.

Some of the rooms on the ground floor, formerly the *Porters' Lodges*, which had been converted into stables and cider houses, by successive occupiers of the Castle farm, have lately been divested of those purposes, and are now become interesting parts of the interior.

THE YELLOW TOWER, OR CITADEL.

Before the stranger enters the Second Court, it will be proper to visit the Citadel, the approach to which is across the Moat, on the left hand of the gateway, rendered easy of access by the stone steps, on each side, for that purpose.

This part is one of the greatest curiosities remaining. By a winding stone staircase, consisting of *ninety steps* (each measuring five feet two inches long, five inches thick, and increasing from five to twenty-four inches in width), so ingeniously put together, as to be ascended with the utmost ease and convenience, we reach the summit of the tower, and from it command a view in the highest degree beautiful, and extensive, the horizon

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bounded in every direction by those lofty mountains so often noticed in the course of this Work; and also overlooke the whole extent of the Castle, which presents a very interesting scene. The tops of the towers and other parts, are all richly cloathed with ivy, intermixed with a variety of flowering shrubs, &c. which add a great relief and beauty in the season they flourish:

It may be questioned, whether such a grand piece of masonry, as composes the ascent to the summit of this Tower, is to be equalled in the whole range of the kingdom.

While on this elevation, we will detain the visitor, in contemplating the situation of the Castle.

As we approach from Monmouth it appears to stand low, but on overlooking the country from hence, we shall find that it occupies rather a commanding eminence, in the centre of a beautiful vale of considerable extent; which vale is entirely surrounded by a grand chain of circle of hills, that terminate the prospect in every direction. Seated here with a friend enjoying the beautiful scenery around us, his correct knowledge pointed out the several eminences which here meet the eye. It should be observed, that the *foregrounds*, the south aspect excepted, contain little interesting:

LOOKING EASTWARD,

And bringing the eye to the southward.

The Kymin Pavilion, Monmouth.

Troy Park and Craig-y-Dorth, near ditto; with the range of the Trelleck Beacons, (the highest grounds in this county.)

BAGLAND CASTLE.

Lemishen Hill, near Trelleck, Dwyndon Hill on the road to Chepstow, Newchurch Hill, (opposite the Elms.)

The grand Forest of Wentwood.

Kemeys's Firs, beyond Usk. From this elevation you survey thirteen counties, viz. Monmouth, Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Salop, Wilts, Devon, (English.)-- Brecon, Glamorgan, Carmarthen, Cardigan, Radnor (South Wales.) Also the English Channel down to King Road ; Mr. Nicholls's Firs near Caerleon.

SOUTH. WEST.

From Caerleon to Pen-twyn-berlwm.

Gaer Vawr, and Dial Carig.

WESTWARD.

The hills near Pout-y-pool to the Great Blourens, near Abergavenny.

The opening shews the Breconshire hills at Crickhowell, to the Bwlch hill, within eight miles of Brecon. (20 miles.)

The Sugarloaf hill, (from its conical form), near Abergavenny.

The Hatteral hills, where the river Monnow takes its rise.

The Great Iscaresh (separation), to the Black Mountains.

NORTH. WEST.

Campson hill, and from thence to the Graig hill.

NORTH.

Garway Hill, beyond Kenchurch Park, John Scudamore, Esq.

BROAD AND EASTON

Broad Oak hill.—The Skinch hill.—The Cwch hill.—
The White hill, and ~~from whence~~ the Kymin Pavilion,
at Monmouth.

~~be all the time when ei g. not cut down~~
On a fine day, hours might be passed here with pleasure,

~~and the view from the top is very extensive.~~
By the willful dilapidation of those concerned in throwing down an angle of this Tower, its principal rooms are totally destroyed.

~~the tower was pulled down by the Earl of~~
As we ascend the stairs of the tower, two rooms have been cleared; measuring two yards long by three wide (one having a brick seat nearly round in it), with windows to light each end of the passage by which they were connected, and appear to have been used by the persons employed in working the machinery of the drawbridge, communicating with the Fountain Horse Court of the Castle.

It is mentioned in subsequent pages, by what means this angle of the citadel was destroyed, and by whom its fragments were removed. In the course of the year 1821, Mr. Wyatt caused the whole of its ruins to be taken away; and by clearing the ground of the rubbish, a walk was opened parallel with the opposite side of the Moat, which enables us now to inspect more minutely the whole of the Yellow Tower, from its base to the summit of each side of this once magnificent structure. Some architectural decorations, on the outside of the Gateway, which long lay concealed from the aspect which fronts the Yellow Tower, have lately been happily restored.

SHAGARD CASTLE

—Hill 100 feet high.—The Castle Hill.—The Castle Hill—
The White Hill—The King's Palace—
THE MORT,

Which encompassed the Tower, is now nearly filled with water; it was destined to contain, —arising from its natural springs, and clearing away the weeds with which, it was choked ; but the niches in which the figures of the Roman Emperors were placed, still remain. When I first saw them, in the year 1791, they had been so long screened by brambles and thorns, that in the few which I could examine, the shell-work was as perfect as at the time it was executed ; but since the walk has been cleared of this rubbish, an exposure to the weather, aided by public curiosity, has nearly destroyed this effort of art. From their appearance at the above-mentioned period, there was not that variety in the arrangement, if an opinion was to be formed from those which remained in the cement. The method of executing it was very simple—the bricks were covered with mortar, and the [cockle] shells fixed in it while wet, forming a star of several points, inclosed within a circle, their surfaces tinged with red, blue, and other airy colours, to give relief to its otherwise dull uniformity.

The niches, fifteen in number (which should, with more propriety, be called circular recesses), measure eight feet high, and five feet wide ; so that the statues, in all probability, were as large as life.

Under the extensive span of an arch now walled up, a seat, capable of accommodating many persons, has been most judiciously placed ; and while enjoying its refresh-

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ing coolness, some beautiful parts of the building are unveiled, which before ~~were~~ excluded from our view. We return to the entrance gate.

THE PITCHED STONE COURT. — Passing through the East Gate, we enter this Court, overspread with a carpet of nature's velvet, which is an oblong square, formed by what appear (from the elegance of the window frames now partly remaining), to have been the principal rooms in the Castle, and the Kitchen Tower, on the east and west sides; by culinary offices, and the Stately Hall and rooms for officers of the household, on the north and south. Mr. Tregozé was of opinion, "that the breach in the wall on the right hand side of this Court, occasioned the surrender of the Castle."

The bow window of the Stately Hall, on the left side of this court, is a beautiful object. It forms half an hexagon, several yards high, with stone muntens and transoms, in proportion, the cupola crowned with ivy. In short, the whole screen is finely adapted for the pencil.

At the extremity of this Court, five windows, several feet thick (heretofore choaked with rubbish), have lately been cleared, and give a fine effect to the interior, at the sun's declining rays. The Porch of entrance into the Stately Hall has also been restored to the eye of the visitor; and, cleared of its excrescences, adds to the richness of this beautiful screen. It might not be intrusiveto observe here, that the east and south sides of this court have been particularly selected by the artist, as best calculated for the display of his talent.

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one hundred feet to thirty. Estimated since, probably, from
the time of King John, the Castle, before its

THE KITCHEN.

inclosure, must have been capable of receiving

At the end of this Court, we enter this necessary appendage of baronial splendor, which appears ill adapted for such a purpose, being only twenty feet square, and particularly for so large a family as that which resided in the Castle. The villagers speak of ovens for baking, and fire-places for roasting, *en cunhole*, and indeed, if one may judge from their extent, there seems to have been no difficulty in performing the duty. The fire-place at the upper end, is formed by two stones, one measuring six, and the other seven, feet in the span, each two feet thick; which is the only object worthy of notice in this part of the building. Underneath the Kitchen, is a room, of the same size, called the *Wet Larder*, now in the most perfect state, and to be inspected with the greatest facility. Other culinary offices, which adjoined to the Kitchen Tower, are wholly destroyed.

The roof of the Kitchen Tower remained perfect till within these few years, since which time it has fallen in, and remains, in common with other parts of the building, exposed to the open air.

It appears impossible, at the present day, for human nature to sustain the heat which two fire-places of such an extent, with ovens for baking, by the side of them, must have created, when employed for culinary uses. Indeed all the fire-places remaining, declare they owed their origin in the most social purposes and hospitality. One hundred and fifty persons are said to have received their daily food within the walls of the Castle!

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By the arrangement of Mr. Wyatt, who has restored the communication between the culinary offices and the rooms apparently appropriated to the accommodation of the chief officers of the household, we are conducted to a very large room, considered as their Refectory, being mentioned as such in the subjoined *List of that Department*,—and instead of entering through the passage, as formerly, on the South side of the *pitched stone Court*, we are, at the upper end of this apartment, ushered into the

GRAND HALL OF STATE.

How great is the mutability of fortune ! The room, in which the Sovereign of the land, with the most eminent of the Nobility, have frequently been entertained, was, till within these few years, *the village Fives Court* !

The hand of desolation marking its way through every possible part of the Castle, the interior memorials of former magnificence are verily limited and imperfect. At the east end of this room, in the centre of the wall, is the achievement of the Earl of Worcester, finely executed in stone, though now considerably defaced. The Arms are surrounded with the legend of the Order of the Garter, “ HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE,” and underneath, on a scroll, his own motto, “ MUTARE VEL TIMERE SPERNO,” —I scorn either to change or to fear. The crest and supporters appear to have been removed, as diverting the course of the fives ball.

The aperture in the wall (nearly facing the achievement), at the lower end of the Hall, led into the MUSIC GALLERY ; but this Bardic accommodation has suffered

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equally with every other part, it having been taken down.

The FIRE-PLACE, in the centre, remains unbroken. Its size was well calculated to soften the rigor of the winter season, measuring ten feet wide, and eight feet high.

The author of a "Tour through the Midland Counties of England," says, "I never enter a noble old Hall without seeing, in my imagination, the Baron feasting merrily with his knights at the upper end, while I view the sides crowded with esquires and vassals; and, turning mine ear to the Gallery, hear at once the MUSIC strike up, till it *makes the roof ring*." In these ideas, particularly on this spot, the writer has often revelled: indeed it is impossible to detach them from our recollection, when we consider that the possessor enjoyed all that splendor inseparably the attendant on rank and extensive fortune. As the earl of Worcester was Governor of all South Wales, the Bards in public court were assembled in the Castle, whose harps, touched by the magic of their fingers, and inspired, as it were, by the fervor of their Poetry, here often awoke the soul to ecstacy. Their minds must be insensible to the fascinating description of ancient grandeur, who can stand in this room without yielding up all their feelings to an influence so uniyersally powerful.

MODERN ADDITIONS.

At the upper end of the Hall, Mr. Wyatt has caused to be placed a STONE TABLE, well calculated from its size, to prove an ornament to such a room, measuring

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16 feet 8 inches long, 4 feet 3 wide, and 2*1*/₂ inches thick. This fine piece of *Monmouthshire marble*, (the common sand stone* of the county,) was rose from a quarry on the Graig Hill near Grosmont, and brought from thence, a distance of eighteen miles, without injury; but before it reached its present situation, it was broken within a yard of one end. This fracture has been neatly repaired, and though it has detracted somewhat from its beauty to the eye (arising from its size), is still useful for all the purposes for which it was intended, and has a noble appearance.

The frame on which it is placed perfectly corresponds with the weight it is destined to bear, and in unison with the place in which it is stationed, being formed out of the branches of the magnificent Elm Tree, which stood at the upper end of the grand terrace walk, but blown down in 1822, as will be hereafter noticed. It is supported by eight fluted pillars, made out of the Elm Tree, and taken altogether, might challenge the kingdom to produce so fine a specimen of such united natural curiosities.

THE LARGE COURT.

Passing straight forward from the Hall, we enter another Court, but the spoiler's hands have been so diligently employed, as to leave the stranger but little interesting to his curiosity. In the centre of this Court was placed the celebrated

* This kind of stone is found in the quarries of Monmouthshire, in layers, as if placed by the hand of art, and so thin, (especially in the western part of the county,) that they are made use of instead of slates, for roofing houses, being very plentiful, and may be procured at a trifling expense.—THOMAS LEWIS.

RAGLAND CASTLE.

FOUNTAIN HORSE,

Which was considered as a principal ornament to this part of the Castle. The Capital of the Pedestal, on which the Horse was placed, was tolerably perfect about sixty years ago, but it has since been totally demolished, by breaking off pieces to give to strangers on their visit to this ruin. Mr. TREGOZE is perfectly correct in the opinion he has given respecting the stone, denying its being a composition; for on shewing a piece of it, in my possession, to different gentlemen eminently skilled in mineralogy, they informed me it was scientifically named a Basalt. What remained when I last saw it, was in the coal yard, at the farm house; and, on being broken, even then emitted a strong sulphurous smell, sufficient to justify the uninformed in naming it the *stinking* stone. There seems to be a mistake in calling it the White Horse, as the stone above mentioned is quite black, unless the Pedestal and Horse were of different coloured substances. The Rev. B. Richardson, Rector of Farley, Wiltshire, whose acquaintance it is my pride and pleasure to share in, further corroborates their decision, who says, "That it is a pure limestone, without an admixture of iron, which is a constituent of Basalt; but as it has a stronger resemblance of that than any other mineral, it would be proper to give it that name." The size of the Well, which supplied it with water, may be traced, though now filled up, and overgrown with turf, the ground being rather lower, than in any other part of the Court.

Though no particular spot is pointed out, where the Citadel was joined to the Castle, by a sumptuous arched

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Bridge (as mentioned in the description following), the late improvements give us the most certain information; for at the bottom of the steps of the tower, on the right hand, which lead to the Moat, we are shewn the foundation on which it was erected; and the upright grooves in the angle of the building which fronts this court, with the large doorway in its centre now remaining, leave no doubt but that here was the portal of entrance. The following Anecdote will strengthen us in the opinion :

" At the beginning of the Long Parliament, there were certain rusticks who came unto Ragland Castle, to search the Castle for arms, my Lord being a Papist; the Marquis met them at the Castle gate, and desired to know, whether they came to take away his money ? seeing they intended to disarm him : they answered, No, but what they did was because he was a Recusant:—he said, he was a Peer of the realm, and no convict recusant: and therefore the law could not, in reason, take notice of any such things; and further some sharp and dubious words coming from the Marquiss, they were at last willing to take his word, but the Marquiss not willing to part with them on such easie termes, having before resolved to return them one fright for another, which he thus effected: having carried them up and down the castle, he at length brought them over a high bridge, that arched over the moat, that was between the Castle and the Great Tower, wherein the Lord Herbert had lately contrived certain water works, which when the several engines and wheels were to be set a going, much quantity of water through the hollow conveyances of aqueducts, were to be let down from the top of the High Tower, which upon the first en-

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trance of these wonderful asinegoes, the Marquiss had given order that these catarrhacts should begin to fall, which made such a fearful and hideous noise, by reason of the hollowness of the tower, and the neighbouring echoes of the castle, and the waters that were between, and round them both, that there was such a roaring, as if the mouth of hell had been open wide, and all the devils had been conjured up, that the poor silly men stood so amazed, as if they had been half dead, and yet they saw nothing : at last as the plot was laid, up comes a man, staring and running, and crying out, before he came at them, ‘Look to yourselves, my masters, for the lions are got loose ;’ whereupon the searchers gave such a loose, that they tumbled so over one another down the stairs, that it was thought one half of them had broken their necks, never looking behind them till they were sure they had got out of sight of the castle.”—*Apothegms of the Earl of Worcester.*

THE CHAPEL.

Parallel with the apartments for the Earl’s principal officers, was the Chapel ; a long narrow room, till lately overgrown with nettles and elders, and its walls with ivy. At the upper end, on the right hand side, at some elevation from the ground, are two *stone figures*, which were totally obscured before I took the liberty of unveiling them, since which time, the tasteful hand of Mr. Wyatt has new robed them ; but the talents of the Statuary have not been sufficiently exerted to detain the stranger’s attention.

The VAULTS and CELLARS under this Court, are nearly filled up with stones and rubbish, but an opinion may be

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formed of their number and extent. One, in particular, at the extremity, is worthy notice, were it only on account of the neatness with which the masonry is executed.

SOUTH-WEST TOWER.

After witnessing the interesting scenery from the Yellow Tower, it had often been a question with the mind of the writer, for what reason his Majesty King Charles the First could express his superior approbation of the "*prospect to the westward*," when visiting this castle; but the partiality of the sovereign has been confirmed, by the late restoration of better access to this part of the building, to which before we had been a stranger.

On leaving the preceding "Large Court," we are led under a handsome arch by a flight of eighteen stone steps, into a small tower; and by an ascent of thirty-six steps further, to the summit of one of the most beautiful parts of these interesting ruins. Following the communication of a wood bridge, we are conducted to a room, about three yards square, secured by railing, on whose sides commodious seats have been erected, from whence we enjoy, unalloyed by fear, the fine scenery before described, with many other points of our admired county and its surrounding district—embracing every feature to which landscape can give its charm. All the objects seen from the Yellow Tower are included within the pale of the horizon, and we refer the reader to the preceding part of the description where they have been noticed.

From its lofty and exposed situation, the visitor may be inconvenienced by the summer's heat; but at other times of the day, and particularly towards its close, the sun's

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descending over the point of the Sugarloaf; leaving “its rich beams to preside over the extensive scene,” presents a picture which will amply reward the visitor who has leisure to enjoy this mental banquet. Hours might here, as at the Citadel, be passed with pleasure.

It removing rubbish from the adjoining room, the grate of the fireplace was filled with coal and cinders, which had lain undisturbed for the space of 175 years!—a proof that the mines of Monmouthshire afforded a social “ companionable fire” to its inhabitants at that period.

Retiring from this blaze of beauty to the Court we left for its enjoyment, the calmness which pervades around serves again to compose, and with it delight, the mind. The judicious improvements lately made within its circle, by unveiling the architecture of the doorway, windows, and other objects, will hold the stranger captive, as he takes his stand before the portal of entrance which connects it with

THE GRAND TERRACE.

By a lofty Gateway and arched Bridge, we are conducted to the Grand Terrace, from whence we again enjoy the beauty of the surrounding country. This walk, which measures 260 feet long, and 77 broad, now finely overspread with turf of the richest verdure, is truly interesting even at the present day, though despoiled, as it has been, of the pleasure houses, fishponds, and other objects of attraction, mentioned in the description of its splendor. Well might his Majesty King Charles the First delight in visiting this spot. When standing in the centre of the terrace, a beautiful amphitheatre of hills

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present themselves before us, including many of the objects described from the *Yellow Tower*. The foreground falls down in a fine slope of meadow land, to what were formerly the fishponds, but now filled up, and laid under pasture; while immediately beyond, on an easy elevation, stand the Parish Church and Village, which, from being surrounded with fruit trees, appear to great advantage in the blossom season. At two miles beyond Ragland are seen the Church and Village of Landenny, while the vale and sides of the hills are studded with white cots, the peaceful dwellings of the occupiers of the land. The horizon is bounded by several of those eminences which adorn this part of the kingdom, particularly (on the left, and bringing the eye round to the right):

Lanishen Hill, near Trelleck.

The Devauden Hill, on the Chepstow Road.

The grand Went Wood, which comes down near to Caerleon.

Mr. Nicholl's Firs, near Caerleon.

Gwebellog Common, on the road to Usk.

The hill in front is Trostree Hill.

Beyond it, the hills near Pont-y-pool, leading on to

The Great Blorens, near Abergavenny.

TURNING TO THE WEST ASPECT.

The foreground, rich meadow and pasture land, (formerly fishponds).

In front—Bryngwyn, (the White Hill), Gbutch and Village.

The terminations are—The Blorens, the Little Skerrieth, the Sugar Loaf, and the Great Skerrieth.



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The farm house in front—Pen-y-park (head of the park.)

Beyond it—Pen-y-twyn, (head of the tump.)

No walk remains, among the many which adjoined it, from whence we can enjoy such an agreeable prospect as on *this*; for the other terraces are either planted with fruit trees, or so much shrouded by timber trees, which have grown into maturity from the protection they have received, as totally to obscure the view, if we except the walk immediately beneath this aspect of the Castle. The fishponds, which were in the valley, being converted into meadow ground, greatly decreases the view, for water is the only ornament wanted to finish the landscape. Could we persuade the River Usk to wind its course before us, *the scenery would be complete.*

At the upper end of this terrace stood a venerable Elm Tree, which measured 26 feet in girth, and the two limbs that grew from the head of the trunk, spread their arms 22 feet, and the bark which cloathed it nearly four inches thick.

The total decay of the body of this tree, which had to support two branches of such magnitude as those which crowned its trunk, indicated that it must soon yield to the devouring grasp of time, but certainly at a more remote period from that which awaited its overthrow.

Wednesday, the fifth of December 1822, was distinguished for its hurricane, which raged with unexampled fury (in the memory of man), throughout the united kingdom, when this fine ornament was compelled to yield to the elementary war, and fell, from its situation, with a

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tremendous crash, into the mead below. This detraction from the interest of the scene, every reader of taste will deplore, it being one of the leading features at this part of the demesne; and as years have rolled away since it was planted, so will many more revolve, if ever, another will supply its place, combining such dignity with such beauty as were united in this ornament of nature to these baronial remains, which appeared to have been coeval with their pristine splendor, when the MONARCH OF THE REALM was entertained in their STATELY HALL.

Soon after its fall, Mr. Wyatt placed the Stone Table in the Hall of State, and from its branches, caused the eight pillars on which it rests, to be converted for its support. The trunk, which was decayed, has been formed into a Seat, merely as a curiosity for the accommodation of an individual.

The SEAT placed under this Tree, has been removed to an Elm adjoining, but not of the growth or size which distinguished that before noticed; under whose protecting shade, the reader may contemplate on "the decline and fall" of this magnificent structure, whose "history" forms the subject of these pages.

THE BULWARKS.

On leaving this charming scenery, we are conducted, at the lower end of the Bowling Green, through a rustic gate, to a Walk which extends from South to North along the West front of the Castle, as mentioned in the Description of the Edifice when in its Splendor, and so much admired by King Charles for the prospect from this aspect. It is carried close under its walls one hundred

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and fifty yards, from eight to ten yards wide; and as we pass its massive towers, walls, and mutilated windows, cloathed with ivy and intermingled with bowering shrubs to their utmost summit, present, in many places, highly interesting objects; while the picturesque appearance of the base is still further heightened by its roots, which might be compared to *mane twisting round the head of the lion*. We are astonished on over-looking the whole of this building from the Yellow Tower, nor can we feel less surprise in surveying *this portion* of the edifice; for to us it seems a task beyond the hope of man, to accomplish; and though it has existed for many centuries, such is the beauty and solidity of the masonry at the present period, as to bid defiance to the injuries of time for ages yet unborn. Under its walls, seats (formed by fragments of stone and butts of trees,) have been placed at convenient distances, on which the visitor can repose, or contemplate on these ruins in the undisturbed shade.

At the northern termination of the path, a few remaining stones point the way to a walk below; which, on entering, has a very grand appearance, it measuring, like this before noticed, in a direct line, one hundred and fifty yards long by fifteen wide; and as each side is planted with apple trees, which are now in a state of maturity, they confer a peculiar beauty in the blossom season, and greatly add to the shade of this fine piazza, when protection from the rays of the sun is most to be desired. The terrace is kept in great neatness, while its verdure gives a cheerfulness and gaiety to the scene. The slopes below, extending to what formed the fishponds, are now so thickly cloathed with

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oak and other thriving timber, rearing their heads, in lofty grandeur, to the height of the towers of the Castle, which, united with the underwood, now forms an almost impenetrable screen to any further object that lies beyond them.

The Fishponds, and other exterior Ornaments.

We mentioned, "that the fishponds in the vale have been converted into meadow ground," leaving no trace of the "divers artificial islands and walks with which they were ornamented;" while the lands above and adjoining, forming a portion of the "The Park," have been united, and make a part of a farm called *Pen-y-Park*,* (the Head of the Park,) confirming the truth of its, having been an appendage to that once extensive demesne. The extremity of this walk leads us to the gate by which we entered, again to the Bowling Green, and in a few paces to the first or Eastern Court of Entrance, which may be deemed *the termination of the Survey round the Castle.*

THE PORTERS' LODGES.

When I saw the Castle in 1791, and for many years after, these rooms were made use of as stables, pigsties, and other menial purposes, by each succeeding occupier of the Castle farm; but since persons have been appointed constantly to reside on the premises, Mr. Wyatt has caused to be formed in each respective tower,

* An accomplished female Artist presented me some years ago, with a beautiful Drawing, in water colours, of the Castle, taken from an elevated station on the grounds of this estate; but since that time, the oak and other trees, by which it is surrounded, have grown to such a height, as totally to exclude it from our view.

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the most comfortable apartments for habitation that could be desired. Not only has he restored the upper rooms by laying down floors, with staircases for entrance, (forming a passage into each by a commodious wood bridge, from whence is enjoyed a pleasing opening over the eastern court, Leaguer Fields, and adjoining district,) but also furnished them with every convenience for parties who visits the Castle; and whether they assemble from motives of curiosity, retreat from the heat, or to enjoy the repast they had prepared for an occasional visit, they are alike suitable; and at the extremity of the right hand tower is placed an Oak Table, of such a size and fashion, as would lead us to suppose it had formed a portion of the furniture round which the Barons of old had been seated at a *jolly dinner*, when the edifice was in its pristine splendor.

A beautiful piece of stone, bearing the arms of France and England, quarterly, found within the Castle, has been here restored, and becomes an interesting specimen of internal decorations adopted in the fireplaces, of which this seems to have formed a part.

Conformable to the present arrangement in shewing the Castle, I have conducted the stranger over every accessible part of the interior; reserving the state of the edifice when in its splendor, with a variety of other highly interesting notices, as subjects for the succeeding pages.

THE CASTLE AT PEMBROKE.

The Castle of Pembroke, built by Sir William Thomas, was erected in the year 1189, and is one of the most ancient castles in England. It is situated on a hill, called before the Castle was built, **Twyn-y-Ceyros** (Welsh), which signifies, in English, the **Cherry Hill**.

CASTLE IN ITS SPLENDOR.

It is described as follows:—
The castle of Pembroke is built upon a rocky eminence, and consists of a large square tower, and several smaller towers, and a great wall surrounding the castle.

THIS Castle was built by Sir William Thomas, and his son William Earl of Pembroke, beheaded at Bayeux. It came into the noble family of Worcester by Sir Charles Somerset's marrying Elizabeth, the grandchild of the said William Earl of Pembroke, heir to his son William Earl of Huntingdon, and heir-general to all the Herberts in England. This Sir Charles Somerset was the *First Earl of Worcester* of this line.

The Castle is situated on a hill, called before the Castle was built, **Twyn-y-Ceyros** (Welsh), which signifies, in English, the **Cherry Hill**. When in its splendor it was reckoned one of the finest buildings in England.

In a direct line were three Gates; the first of brick, from which, at the distance of 180 feet, by the ascent of many steps, was the White Gate, built of square stone, 150 feet from the Castle. At some distance, on the left side, stands

TWR MELYN GWENT,*

THE YELLOW TOWER OF GWENT.

Which, for height, strength, and neatness, surpassed most, if not every other tower, in England or Wales. It had six outsides: that is, it was of a sexangular form, each thirty-two feet broad, the walls ten feet thick, all

* Monmouthshire was anciently named Gwent, or Gwent Land.

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made of square stone, well built; in height five stories, and commanding a delightful view of the surrounding country. Its battlements being but eight inches thick, were soon brokē by the shot of great guns; but the tower itself received little or no damage, from bullets of 18 or 20lbs. weight, at the rate of 60 shot a day.

This tower was joined to the Castle by a sumptuous arched bridge, encompassed about with an out-wall, with six arched turrets, with battlements, all of square stone, adjoining to a deep moat thirty feet broad, wherein was placed an artificial water-work, which spouted up water to the height of the Castle.

Next unto it was a pleasant Walk, set forth with several figures of the Roman Emperors, in arches of divers varieties of shell work.

Within the walls and the green adjoining, (then the Bowling Green, being twelve feet higher than the walk,) on the right hand, was a garden plat, answerable in proportion to the tower. Next unto this plat stood the stables and barns, lately built like a small town.

The Castle Gate hath a fair square Tower on each side, with battlements, having four arched rooms one above the other, conjoined over the gates, with two arches, one above the other. Within this gate was

The Pitched Stone Court.—One hundred and twenty feet long, and fifty-eight broad. On the right side thereof was

The Closet Tower.—Like the former, it had three arched rooms, of eighteen feet in the clear inside every way. Strait forward was the way to the

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Kitchen Tower,—Of six outsides, each twenty-five feet broad; the Kitchen twenty-five feet in the clear outside, and about twenty feet high, having two chimneys, besides the boiler; the Wet Larder under it arched, of the same bigness, and the room above likewise done. About the middle of this Pitched Stone Court was the passage into the

Stately Hall,—Sixty-six feet long, and twenty-eight broad, having a rare geometrical roof, built with Irish Oak, with a large cupola on the top for light; besides a compass window, sixteen feet high in the light, and as much in compass, with two or three large windows more at the upper end. On the right side was the way to

The Parlour,—being forty-nine feet long, and twenty-one feet broad; which was noted as well for the fair inside wainscoats, and curious carved figures, as also for the rare and artificial stone work of the flat arch, in a large and fair compass window on the south side, beaten down by the enemy's great guns, and two great windows at each end. Before the entrance into the parlour, on the right side were the stairs to

The Dining Room,—Of the same proportion as the parlour. On the other side was the door to

The Gallery,—One hundred and twenty-six feet long, having many fair windows, but the most pleasant was the window at the farthest end.

That part of the Castle standing out like a tower, being about sixty feet high, was the most pleasant for aspect. Under the stairs was the way to the *Beer Cellar*, forty-nine feet and a half long, and fifteen broad; then to the *Wine Cellar*, forty-three feet and a half long, and

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sixteen feet and a half broad. There were three cellars more, one as large as the former, all well arched. At the lower end of the Hall was the *Buttery*, thirty-two feet long and eighteen broad. Next unto it the *Pantry*, of like bigness.

At the entrance of the Hall, straight forward by the *Chapel*, forty feet long, on the left hand, was

A large Court,—One hundred feet long, and sixty feet broad, particularly arched and carved like the Paved Court. Very remarkable not only for the curious carved stone work of the walls and windows, but also for the pleasant

Marble Fountain in the midst thereof, called *The White Horse*,—continually running with clear water. Thence through a fair gate, under a large square tower, artificially arched with carved stone works, over a bridge forty feet long, with two arches, is the way to

The Bowling Green,—Two hundred and sixty feet long, and seventy-seven broad, much admired by his late Majesty (King Charles I.) for its situation westward, now towards Abergavenny, and the meadows towards Chepstow was a most charming prospect.

At the west end stood a large Oak with large boughs, affording a fine shade in summer; near which was the way to

The Grand Terrace Walks, and pleasant gardens, and fair-built summer houses, with delightful walks, 430 feet long, beneath which was situated a very large

Fish Pond,—Of many acres of land, ornamented in several parts, with divers artificial islands and walks. Near which stood a charming

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... *Otchard*,—Four hundred feet long, and one hundred broad, planted with the choicest fruit trees.

There were many Towers besides the Tower Melyn, all of square stone, one whereof was placed on Corbets,* on the out side, having several turrets one above the other; and four in the gateway leading to the Great Park, which had adjoining it *A Warren*, and several large and well-stocked Fish Ponds.

The Park—was thick planted with fine maiden oaks and large beech trees, and richly stocked with all kinds of deer.

The Castle was a garrison from the beginning of the civil war, and kept by the Earl at his own charge; but being strongly besieged, and having no hopes of relief (being also one of the last garrisons,) was surrendered to Sir Thomas Fairfax, on the 19th day of August 1646. Afterwards the woods in the three parks were destroyed; the lead and timber were carried to Monmouth, and thence by water to Bristol to rebuild the bridge there after the great fire.

The Great Tower, after tedious battering the top thereof with pick-axes, was undermined, and the weight of it propt with timber, whilst the two sides of the six were cut through; the timber being burnt, it fell down in a lump, and remains so to this day.

After the surrender, the country people were summoned to rendezvous, with pick-axes, spades, and shovels, to draw the moat, in hopes of wealth; but being disap-

* Corbets are projections of wood from the main wall of a building, for supporting any erection from it, such as a balcony, &c.

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pointed in their views, they were set to cut the stocks of the great fish-ponds, where they had store of very large carp, and other fish.

The artificial roof of the hall, as it could not well be taken down, remained whole twenty years after the siege.

Above thirty vaults of all sorts of rooms and cellars, and three arched bridges, besides the tower bridge, are yet standing; but the most curious arch of the chapel and rooms above, with many other fair rooms, are totally destroyed.

So perfect and correct is the information contained in the preceding pages, that though very many years have passed away since the events occurred which produced the fall of the Castle, or (to use the more emphatic language of Mr. Gilpin,) "since Cromwell laid his iron hands upon it, and shivered it into ruins," the principal parts may now be inspected with the utmost convenience to the visitor.

To render the account of this noble structure as worthy as possible of general acceptance, the following Notes and Observations were given to me by the late Mr. Tregoze, of Tregeirog, whose long residence near the Castle, and critical attention to its historical transactions, enabled him to make many judicious remarks on the preceding account of this celebrated mansion.

THE NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

OF

MR. TREGOZE.

To the families of fortune in Monmouthshire, from whom I have received assistance in forming these Collections, I have to number the late

DANIEL TREGOZE, ESQ. OF TREGEIROG.

Possessing a moderate fortune, he enjoyed the easy independent life of a country gentleman; residing constantly on his own estate (which he cultivated), added to the duties of a justice of the peace. In this retirement he cherished a love for historical research; and being enabled, under such circumstances, to prosecute it in the undisturbed shade, his mind became highly enriched with a large store of valuable information. His plain and open manners rendering him easy of access, and uniting a disposition ever willing to communicate the knowledge in his power, the writer did not omit to avail himself of Mr. Tregozze's better judgment, for he seldom committed any of his topographical accounts of Monmouthshire to press, or published them, without receiving some assistance from his pen.

When I first intimated to him my intention of printing an account of Ragland Castle, and shewed him the manuscript I had received from the Rev. Mr. Jones, and also Rushwörth's Account of the Siege, he took the papers home, and in a few days produced the "Notes and Observations," which in a former edition were signed "A Well Wisher to my Interest," we find many others scattered through the work.

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Still anxious further to increase, if possible by his means, the value of the publication, as soon as I had got the Charter of Tintern Abbey translated, I submitted it to his perusal, in order to ascertain the boundary of the property belonging to it, but (though he knew the county equal to any man in it), it was not here in his power to augment the store of information; for, on returning it, he made a small apology, and only further said, "Charley (the familiar name he called me by), the property is very valuable; I suppose the Gloucestershire side of the estate alone is worth (a specified sum per year) to the noble owner."

In fact, this subject was not in unison with his general inquiries. His mind had chiefly noticed the marriage connexions of respectable families in the county, their issue, with the descent and fluctuation of their property; in which instances, there were few persons of equal knowledge. He had also, in a particular manner, treasured up many curious and interesting particulars which occurred in Monmouthshire, during the awful part of the reign of king Charles I. collected, as he told me, from many ancient families of opulence, to whom his fortune gave him access, which were further improved by an attentive perusal of the history of that period.

To his house I had a general invitation, but as he was a hearty man, though far advanced in life, and my mind employed on the upper parts of the Wye, I deferred, from day to day, the promised pleasure, thinking I could at any time avail myself of his company, from the easy distance that separated us, when my friend was seized with a paralytic affection, which terminated his existence; after a short illness, on the 15th of April, 1800, in the 69th year of his age.

These particulars I have thought proper to mention, not more in justice to my own feelings, from the respect I bore to his kindness, than to mark a source from whence my publications derived such advantages, lest the public might, be led to suppose, from

EAGE AND CASTLE.

The situation of life in which I am placed, that the markings con-
tained in them were more the creation of my own fancy, than
derived from such a well informed character as the above gentle-
man, who conferred on me so large a portion of his regard.

THE TOWER MELYN GWENT.

About seventy years ago, the ditch or moat round this Tower was cleared out by the late Mr. D. Evans, who then occupied the Castle Farm; till which time the whole of that part which had been undermined and thrown down, remained in the same state in which it fell. The small stones were sold by the load to mend the roads, the large ones were preserved for repairing the buildings on the Duke's estates; and the rubbish hauled over the land for manure. Under all, at the bottom of the ditch, were found several cannon shot, from six to eighteen pounds weight, but many of them broke; likewise the timber that had been used as props, very little injured, except where it had been burnt through. The Plug, made of oak, that belonged to the Sluice to let the water out of the Moat, and the Trunk of the Sluice, both sound, were found under the arch that led to the Great Terrace; which arch was a private one, and made on purpose for them, as it was walled up at both sides or ends, and not to be seen from without.

THE PITCHED STONE COURT.

In this Court was a deep Draw Well, the water of which, it is believed, was brought from the well on the side of the road above Ragland. This well being in much overgrown with bushes, that the farmer's sheep going there for shade, used to fall in and be lost;

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caused the tenement, and much about the time that he cleared out the moat, to have filled it up, so that it is not now to be seen, nor is the place where it was known but to few people.

Between the north-east corner Tower and the Kitchen Tower, on the right hand side of this Court as you enter from the principal gate, the greater part of the main wall is nearly level with the ground, and appears to have been done by cannon shot; for, at about four hundred yards distance, in the field to the northward, there remains a large hole in the ground that seems to have been formed for a sunk battery, and from which the breach was made that caused the surrender of the Castle.

"WHITE HORSE, OR MARBLE FOUNTAIN."

In the second or western court lay three black stones, which when broke or rubbed, sent forth a strong sulphurous smell. The country people called them the "stinking stones," and were used to break off pieces to give to strangers who came to see the Castle. These stones were (as reported by tradition), said and believed to be part of the statue of the Fountain Horse, placed in this court. By the then appearance of them, they seemed to have been part of the Pedestal. One of them, in particular, seemed to have been part of the Capital of the Pedestal, as the mouldings were, at that time, very well preserved. The marks, likewise, of the workmen's tools, were very plain to be seen on them, which must set aside the idea entertained by many people of their being a composition, the secret of which is lost to the present age. The Statue

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of the Herse was said; and believed, by the people round the place, who heard the remark from their fathers, &c. made of the same kind of stone as the Pedestal. These stones were, at the time the Moat round the Tower was cleared out, removed from thence to the farm house, where, what is left, is to be seen.

THE BOWLING GREEN.

This lies at the south-west corner of the Great Terrace, on the south front of the Castle. It is called, by some people, the Bowling Green, but the appellation is very erroneous.

About sixty years ago, this Green was planted with apple trees, as were many other places about the Castle, which were overgrown with bushes. Till that time it had but very few apple trees about it. These several plantations were all made by Mr. Evans, which are now in a matured state, and are become very valuable to the farm. In the civil war, when this Castle, from being a nobleman's seat, was thought proper to be converted into a garrison, this bowling green was turned into a bastion, as now very plainly appears, by the remains of the parapet. There is likewise on this front another bastion, at the south-east corner of the said terrace, that was, at the same time, formed to flank what may be called the *bowling green bastion*. Before the principal gate was also formed an horn work, now an orchard, as the others. Through this work is the present entrance into the Castle, made within these few years, without any kind of meaning. This horn work is towards the eastern side,

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and was intended to cover the principal gate. The forms of all these fortifications are still very plain to be seen; the rampart, ditch, and several other works of a modern form, are now to be traced all about this part of the Castle: they go quite round all the out-buildings, to the north and west sides thereof, and from thence seemed to have joined the Kitchen Tower.

Mr. Rushworth has remarked, at the conclusion of the "Articles of Capitulation," That the Castle of Ragland was a "very strong place;" on which, Mr. Tregoe observes, " it is far from the truth, being only a proper house for a nobleman's residence and family seat, until converted into a garrison, to serve the purposes of the civil war."

Equally erroneous is the assertion, that it was encompassed with a deep moat, as it goes only along the south front; as also in describing a river running by it, because there never was any river within several miles of the Castle, only a small brook, or running stream, that supplied the fish ponds, which lay on the south and west sides of it, one above the other; so that it might have some appearance of a river to strangers, they forming almost a continued sheet of water from one dam head to the other, and made altogether a very extensive water, which has been, since the surrender of the place, converted into meadows. The dam heads still remain, and might, for a small expence, be restored to their former purposes.

Respecting also the use of *Mortar-Pieces*, at the siege of Ragland Castle, he says, it is a mistake, and supposes

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the writer means Cannon; because it is well known that large mortar pieces cannot do execution at short distances, nor can they batter in Breach. Besides, no broken pieces of bomb shells were ever found either within or about the Castle, which would have been the case if they had been used; but Cannon Shot, of several sizes, both whole and broken, have frequently been met with in it, and the adjoining parts. One of these messengers of fate is at rest in the garden of Mr. Chambers, and another, of larger size, was in the garden at the inn.

A great part of this information was, from time to time, in the course of many years, collected from several very old people, who were at that time living in the neighbouring parts about the Castle, whose fathers, and other relatives, who had lived when the Castle was in its perfect state, had often related to them the same particulars, from their own knowledge and remembrance of things. The rest arises chiefly from my own observations and conjectures, on viewing the different parts of the ruins, and other remains of the several places the preceding account describes.

TREGHIBROG, MAY 1794.

D. TREGOZE.

LIST OF THE HOUSEHOLD,
AND
METHOD OF LIVING, AT RAGLAND CASTLE,
WHEN INHABITED BY THE EARL OF WORCESTER,
FROM 1628 TO 1646.—CHARLES I.

To amuse a moment, in the absence of better sources of pleasure, I subjoin the following short account of the method of living among the nobility, a few years prior to the date above alluded to :

It was the custom in great families, to have four meals a day, viz. breakfasts, dinners, suppers, and liveries, which was a kind of collation in their bed chamber, immediately before they went to rest. They breakfasted at *seven*, dined at *ten* in the forenoon, supped at *four*, had their liveries between *eight* and *nine*, and soon after went to bed.

The breakfast of an Earl and his Countess on Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in the holy fast of Lent, was “a loaf of bread in trenchers, two manchetts (a small loaf of the finest bread, weight six ounces), a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six baconed herrings, four white herrings, or a dish of sproits.” This, for two persons, at seven in the morning, was a tolerable allowance for a day of fasting !

Their suppers, on these days, were equally plentiful. Their breakfast, on flesh days, was “a loaf of bread in

RAGLAND CASTEE.

trenchers, two manchetts, a quart of beer, a quart of wine; half a chyne of mutton; or a chyne of beef boiled. The liveries were, "two manchetts, a loaf of household bread, a gallon of beer, and a quart of wine." The wine was warmed, and mixed with spiceries.

No rule was fixed for dinners, as these were the principal meals, at which they entertained their company. It is remarkable, that shopkeepers, mechanics, and labourers, breakfasted at eight in the morning, dined at noon, and supped at six in the evening, which were later hours than those of the nobility. The Baron ~~not~~ only kept numerous HOUSEHOLDS, but very frequently entertained still greater numbers of their friends, retainers, and vassals. These entertainments were conducted with much formal pomp, but not with equal delicacy and cleanliness. The lord of the mansion sate in state, in his great chamber, at the head of his long clumsy oaken board, and his guests were seated on each side, on long hard benches or forms, exactly according to their station, and happy was the man whose rank entitled him to be placed above the great family silver salt in the middle.

The table was loaded with capacious pewter dishes, filled with salted beef, mutton, and butcher's meat of all kinds, with venison, poultry, sea fowl, wild fowl, game, fish, &c. dressed in different ways, according to the fashion of the times.

The sideboards were plentifully furnished with ale, beer, and wines, which were handed to the company when called for, in pewter and wooden cups, by the mareschals, grooms, yeomen, and waiters of the chamber, ranged in

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regular order. But with all this posse and plenty there was little elegance. The guests were obliged to use their fingers instead of forks, which were not then invented. They sat down to table at ten in the morning, and did not rise from it till one in the afternoon, by which three of the best hours in the day were lost in gormandizing.

The time for dinner at that day, forms a striking contrast to the present hour among those of equal rank, and calls to recollection the sneer of *Allotrip* in the *Heiress*,
that his daughter returned from paying her morning visit two hours after dark. This is however a great improvement upon the custom of dining at noon, or even later, when the afternoon sports were to be had in full blast.

LIST OF THE HOUSEHOLD, &c.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the Castle gates were shut, and the tables laid, viz. two in the dining-room; three in the hall, one in Mrs. Watson's apartment, where the Chaplains eat, (Sir Toby Matthews being the first,) and, two in the Housekeeper's room, for the Ladies' women.

The Earl entered the dining-room, attended by his gentlemen. As soon as he was seated, Sir Ralph Blackstone, Steward of the House, retired.

The Comptroller, Mr. Holland, attended with his staff, as did the Sewer, Mr. Blackburne; the Daily Waiters, Mr. Clough, Mr. Selby, Mr. Scudamore; and many gentlemen's sons, with estates from 200*l.* to 700*l.* a year,

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who were bred up in the Castle. My Lady's Gentlemen
of the Chamber, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Fox; chamberlains
of all sorts, and the serjeants, footmen, and yeomen
servants.

AT THE FIRST TABLE, SATE
The Noble Family, and such of the Nobility as came
there.

AT THE SECOND TABLE, IN THE DINING ROOM, SATE
Knights and Hon. Gentlemen, attended by footmen.

IN THE HALL, AT THE FIRST TABLE, SATE,

Sir Ralph Blackstone, steward; the comptroller, Mr.
Holland; the secretary; the master of the horse, Mr.
Delawar; the master of the fish-ponds, Mr. Andrews;
My Lord Herbert's preceptor, Mr. Adams; with such
gentlemen as came there under the degree of a knight,
attended by footmen, and plentifully served with wine.

AT THE SECOND TABLE IN THE HALL,

Served from my Lord's table, and with other hot meats,
sate, The sewer, with the gentlemen waiters and pages,
to the number of twenty-four.

AT THE THIRD TABLE IN THE HALL, SATE

The clerk of the kitchen, with the yeomen officers of
the house; two grooms of the chambers, &c.

OTHER OFFICERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD, WERE,

Chief auditor, Mr. Smith; Clerk of the accounts, Mr.
George Whithorn; Purveyor of the castle, Mr. Salisbury;
Ushers of the hall, Mr. Moyle and Mr. Cooke; Closet-

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keeper; Gentleman of the chapel; Mr. Davis; Keeper of the records; Master of the wardrobe; Master of the armoury; Twelve Master grooms of the stables for the war horses; Master of the hounds; Master falconer; Porter and his man;

Two butchers; Two keepers of the home park; Two keepers of the red deer park; Footmen, grooms, and other menial servants, *to the number of one hundred and fifty!!*

Some of the footmen were brewers and bakers.

OUT OFFICERS.

Steward of Ragland, William Jones, Esq.

Governor of Chepstow Castle, Sir N. Kemeyes, Bart.

Housekeeper of Worcester House, in London,

James Redman, Esquire.

Thirteen Bailiffs.

Two Council for the Bailiffs to have recourse to.

Solicitor, Mr. John Smith.

CYWYDD MOLIANT HERBERT O RAGLAN.

GAN DAFYDD LLWYD.*

Ac a roddwyd i'r Cyhoeddwr gan Fonheddig, fel arwydd o'i
ddymuniad da tuag at y gwaith.

BRYD y corph; ie'r bráwd cu,
A'm benaid ymwyau.
Un a gar byd daiarol;
Y llall Nef wellwell yn ol.
Mawr iawn yw cam yr enaid,
Gan y corph drwg iawn y caid.
Haeru'n llwyr a'r oen llariaidd,
Mae gwas blwng, megis y blaidd:
Ei chwant ef, uchenaid tost,
I win Herbert ein heurbost.
Meddwi, gwn, mai ddeugeinwaith;
A phechod yw meddwdod maith.
Dadleu mae yntau, mewn modd,
A'r enaid—ef a ranodd:
Pe'r corph dibarch, heb archen,
Yn y cryd, ai'n ancar hen:

* Yr oedd Dafydd Llwyd ap Llywelyn ap Gryffudd, yr awdur, yn gartrefu yn Mathafarn, eiddo ei hun, yn mhlwyf Llanwrin, swydd Trefaldwyn, yn agos Machynlleth, yn nhayernasiad Henry VII. ac ar lwyddiant pa un yn mrwydyr Bosworth Field, efe a gyfansoddodd Gywydd rhagorol ar yr achos. Yr oedd yn enwog fel Prydydd yr amser hynny, ac y mae ei ysgrifennadau yn cael eu clodfori gan drigolion y Dywysogaeth hyd heddyw.



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Ni chai le yn y nefoedd,
Ond daiar i'r ancar oedd.
Am hyn, ni fyn, tra fo iach,
Yntau faddau cyfeddach.
Troi fedr ef, tra fo draw
Cwrt Rhaglan, lle ceir treiglaw,
Can siambr yn cynnwys ymborth,
Can twr, can parlwr, can porth ;
Can simnau i rai o radd,
Can tanllwyth cynnud henlladd :
Treiddio'r pyrth trwy dدورau pert,
Tref hirbell, tra fo Herbert :
Troi i mewn, lle tramwy ynys,
Trwy gan llofft, trigo'n y llys :
O'r neuadd fawr, newydd, faith,
I'r seler ; ar draws, eilwaith,
O'r seler i'r offeren,
Ag i'r ffordd, ar gwrr ei phen,
I'r plwm uchel, i weled
Yn droell gron daiar holl-gred.
Rhai i'r dawns, ar warr dwnsiwn ;
Ieirk a chardiau, eraill a chwn :
Rhai i gyfeddach rhag-fyddin ;
Rhai'r parcau, rhai'r garddau gwin.
Troi i osber, cyn swper, saith
O filoedd, neu fwy, eilwaith.

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Llawer, fry, gwely a gaid
O bluf ag ares plyg euraid ;
Llawer osb arfer dros ben,
Lle ieirll a llawer eurlen.

A pha les ares a phlu ?
Gwin Gasgwyn ni ad gysgu.
Rhaid fu i'r enaid truan,
Adu corph, awdur y gan,
A throi ymaith, a thramwy
O Went draw i Bont ar Wy ;
Ag adre yn o gydrum,
Troi o bell i'r tir y bum,
I benydio, fel Gwido gynt,
Am anwiredd, mewn oerwynt.
Pob llen gel, pob llwyn glas,
Pob lle bu'r corph, pob llwybr cae.
Y neidr, yn f'amcan, ydyw
A fwrw ei chroen, f'eurchwaer yw.
Pan fwriwyf poen oferwaith,
Fy mhenyd oll a'm hen-daith,
I Raglan, ar ben glan gled,
Y tueddaf i'm tuddled,
I gael oes y carw o'r glyn,
Neu'r gleisiad, yn wr glaswyn

TRANSLATION.

AN ODE IN PRAISE OF HERBERT OF RHAGLAN, BY DAFYDD LLWYD.*

Presented by a Gentleman as a mark of his good wishes for
the interest of these pages.

THE intention of the body, the brother dear, of my soul, is to separate. The one loves a world terrestrial; the other heaven, far better hereafter. Very great is the wrong done to the soul: sore has been found the evil inflicted by the body. A wight ferocious, like the wolf, charges grievously the gentle lamb. His strong desire, his deep sigh, is for the wine of Herbert, our golden pillar. He [the body] has been inebriated, I know, forty times: and long continued drunkenness is a sin. He also, in a manner, argues with the soul: he has already separated. "If the body disrespected, without apparel, a prey to disease, became a hermit old, he could not find a place in heaven; but earth was allotted to the anchoret." For this cause he is not willing, while he is well, to quit the social feast of mead. To turn he knows, while yonder is the court of Rhaglan, where it is allowed to rove, and survey a hundred chambers containing food, a hundred towers, a hundred parlours, a hundred gates, a hundred chimneys appropriated to exalted characters, a hundred

* Dafydd Llwyd ap Llywelyn ap Gryffydd, the author, lived at Mathafarn, his property, in the parish of Llanwrin, Montgomeryshire, near Machynlleth, in the time of Henry VII. upon whose success in Bosworth Field, he wrote a triumphant Ode. He was well known as a Poet in the age in which he lived, and his works are acknowledged for their merit at the present day, by the inhabitants of the Principality.

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blazing fires of well dried wood ;—to pass the gates through the handsome doors of the far-extended mansion, while Herbert lives ; to turn in, where an isle frequents, and traverse a hundred upper rooms ; to abide in the court ; to pass from the grand, new, extensive hall to the cellar ; across again from the cellar to the chapel, and to the way on the border of its top, which conducts to the lofty lead, to see the circle of the land of Christendom. Some to the dance repair, on the brink of the dungeon ; earls amuse themselves with cards ; others divert themselves with dogs.

Some to the social mead banquet of the vanguard turn ; some to the *parks* ; some to the wine-gardens. To vespers, before supper, seven thousand or more, return. Many a bed, above, is found of feathers, and of golden-fold arras, occupied by many a guest : the apartments of earls are decorated with many a canopy of gold. But of what avail are tapestry and down ? The wine of Gascony allows not sleep. The wretched soul was necessitated to quit the body of the author of this song, and to turn away, and to travel from yon Venta to the bridge over the Wye, and homewards in a pensive mood ; to turn from far to the land where I have been ; to do penance, like Gwido of old, for crimes, to cold winds exposed. Every shady covert, every verdant grove, every place where the body has been, every path is odious. The serpent, who casts off her skin, is, in my opinion, my golden sister. When I shall haye cast off the punishment of idle work—my penance all for an old journey—to Rhaglan's well-sheltered bank will I direct my course, to my covering, that I, a boar man, may attain the age of the stag of the dale, or that of the salmon.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SIEGE

OF

THE CASTLE OF RAGLAND,

INCLUDING

The whole of the Correspondence which passed between the
Right Honourable the Earl of Worcester, Proprietor and
Occupier of the Castle;

AND

Colonel Morgan, and his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, Kat.*
General of the Parliament Army, who besieged it.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION,

Signed on Monday, August 16, 1646.

FROM the contemplation of the preceding scene of almost regal splendor, (for the fortune of the first nobleman of the realm, at the present day, would be scarce sufficient to maintain the Household at Ragland,) we must now direct our attention to a very important part of its history, the destruction of the Castle, and with it the overthrow of its venerable and noble possessor.

Mt. Rushworth, a name not to be pronounced but with reverence by the admirer's of British literature, has, most

* With Sir Thomas Fairfax we are well acquainted; but the result of my inquiries respecting Colonel Morgan, only enable me to state, "That he was a soldier of fortune, who had made a campaign in the low countries."

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happily for these pages, preserved the whole of the correspondence that passed between the characters at that siege and surrender of the Castle; which cannot fail to excite the highest degree of interest in the minds of those travellers who have not perused his valuable State Papers.

ACCOUNT OF THE SIEGE, &c.

AFTER Wallingford in Berkshire, followed the reduction of Ragland, a strong Castle in Wales, garrisoned for the King, under the Marquis of Worcester, whose proper house it was, being situated very conveniently to command all parts of South Wales. It had been streightened by some forces of Sir Trevor Williams, and Major-general Langhorn, before Colonel Morgan was ordered thither from Worcester, to command in chief, who had but fifteen hundred men at first, and the garrison consisted of eight hundred, who made divers gallant sallies, and in one killed a Cornet of Morgan's, and carried away the colours; but after the rendition of Oxford, Morgan being reinforced with two thousand men, sent in the following summons:

My LORD,

By his excellency's command, this is my second summons, whereby you are required forthwith to deliver to me, to the use of both houses of Parliament, the Castle of Ragland, with all stores, ordnance, arms, ammunition, and provisions, and all other necessaries that belong to war, that are now in it, which if you will be pleased to

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do, you may haply find mercy, as other garrisons have had, and if you do refuse, expect but the ruin of yourself, your family, and this poor distressed country. For I must acquaint your lordship, that his excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax having now finished his work over the kingdom, except this castle, hath been pleased to spare his forces for this work, which are now upon their march this way, with all materials fit for it; though I made no doubt but I had of mine own strength sufficient to effect it. If your lordship will deny to submit to this summons, and that more blood must be spilt, your lordship may be confident that you shall receive no favour from both houses of Parliament. So expecting your answer this night by nine of the clock, I rest your lordship's servant;

THO. MORGAN.

From the Leaguer, before Ragland, June 28, 1646.

Upon the faith and honour of a soldier, this is a true copy of his Majesty's letter to the governor of Oxford, Litchfield, Wallingford, and Worcester, and all other garrisons in England and Wales, which I thought fit to present to your lordship, that you may clearly see what probability of relief you are like to have.

SIR,

I have received this day two advertisements from you: the first I did read, containing, as you would have me believe, a true copy of his majesty's warrant, to several garrisons, upon honourable terms to quit, &c. But truly, Sir, it is not in the power of man to make me think so unworthily of his majesty, that to one, in the opinion

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of the world, that hath given himself and family so great a remonstrance and testimony of his and their faith and fidelity towards him, that he would not please so much as to name his name, or Ragland : I entreat you give me leave to suspend my belief. And for your second summons, it makes it too evident that it is desired that I should die under a hedge like a beggar, having no house left to put my head into, nor means left to find me bread. Wherefore to give you answer, I make choice (if it so please God), rather to die nobly than to live with infamy : which answer if it be not pleasing to you, I shall not think you worthy to be stiled by me, your loving friend and servant,

H. WORCESTER.

From my House at Ragland, June 28, 1646.

My LORD,

SINCE it is not in my power to make you nor your son believe any thing concerning the surrendre of those garrisons, by his majesty's order, that comes from me or any of our party,—once more, and the last, before I send your answer to his excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, I shall give your lordship way to send an officer, with another of mine, to those lords in Oxford, to whom his majesty's letters were directed, for your better satisfaction. This I do, my lord, to prevent your utter ruin, and that of this poor country, so much occasioned by your lordship's obstinacy. I expect your present answer, and so rest your servant,

Tho. MORGAN.

JUNE 28.



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SIR,

IN respect of your mentioning of any respect or kindness towards me, lest to be divulged to the world might do you any prejudice, I have thought fit, in your own letter, to return you thanks for the same. And for Sir Thomas Fairfax, if he were here with all his army, he should receive no other from me than you have had. I hope I serve (though not so well as I should), a master that is of more might than all the armies in the world : and to his holy will and pleasure I submit myself, and yourself to do what you think fitting ; and so rest your friend and servant,

H. WORCESTER.

From my Dwelling at Ragland, June 28.

Sometime after this, General Fairfax came in person thither from Bath, to quicken the siege, which was in great forwardness, both for works and approaches ; and then sent in this summons to the castle:

MY LORD,

BEING come into these parts with such a strength, as I may not doubt but with the same good hand of Providence that hath hitherto blessed us, in a short time to reduce the garrison of Ragland to the obedience of the parliament ; I have, in order thereto, thought good to send your lordship this summons, hereby requiring you to deliver up to me, for the parliament's use, the said garrison and castle of Ragland ; which, as it only obstructs the kingdom's universal peace, the rendition may beget such terms, as by delay or vain hopes cannot here-

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after be expected. I remain, my lord, your lordship's
most humble servant,

THO. FAIRFAX.

Leaguer, before Ragland, August 7, 1646.

Your lordship's speedy answer to this summons is
desired.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH my infirmities might justly claim privilege in so sudden an answer, yet, because you desire it, and I not willing to delay your time, to your letter of summons to deliver up my house, and the only house now in my possession to cover my head in; these are to let you know, that if you did understand the condition I am in, I dare say out of your judgment you will not think it a reasonable demand. I am loth to be the author of mine own ruin on both sides, and therefore desire leave to send to his Majesty, to know his pleasure what he will have done with his garrison. As for my house, I presume he will command nothing; neither am I knowing how, either by law or conscience, I should be forced out of it. To this I desire your return, and rest your excellency's humble servant,

H. WORCESTER.

From my poor Cottage at Ragland, August 7, 1646.

MY LORD,

TOUCHING your sending to his Majesty, it is that which hath been denied to the most considerable garrisons of England, further than an account to his Majesty of the thing done, upon the surrender; which I do also

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sreely grant to your lordship. And for that distinction which your lordship is pleased to make, *that it is your house*, if it had not been formed into a garrison I should not have troubled your lordship with a summons; and were it disgarrisoned, neither you nor your house should receive any disquiet from me, or any that belong to me. This I thought good to return to your's, and thereby to discharge myself before God and the world, of all extremitieſ and ſad conſequeneſ that will enſue upon the refuſal of the rendiſon of your garrion upon my ſummons. I remain, your's,

THO. FAIRFAX.

SIR,

I do much confide in your honour, as that being at ſtakē: concerning leave to ſend to his Maſteſty, I will at this time forbear to make further motion in it; only one thing which is extraordinary, I offer to your conſideration, for the just cauſe, besides my allegiance, of my reaſonable requeſt, which is, That upon his Maſteſty's promiſe of ſatiſfaction, I am above twenty thouſand pounds out of purſe; and if I ſhould do any thing diſpleaſing unto him, I am ſure all that is loſt, and no benefit to the Parlia‐ment. If you knew how well known I was in Henry earl of Huntingdon's time unto your noble grandfather at York, I am auſſured I ſhould receive that fauour at your hands that ſafely you might afford. God knows, if I might quietly receive my means of ſubſiſtence, and be in ſecu‐rity, with the Parlia‐ment's approba‐tion, and freed from the malice of thoſe gentlemen that are of the com‐mittee within this county,* I ſhould quickly quit myſelf

* Then, and ſome time before, ſitting at Chepſtow.

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of the garrison, for I have no great cause to take delight in it. I have that high esteem of your worth, nobleness, and true judgment, that knowing you will offer nothing ignoble or unworthy for me to do, as the case stands with me, I desire to know what Conditions I may have, and I will return you present answer; and in the mean time I rest your humble servant,

H. WORCESTER.

AUGUST 8, 1646.

MY LORD,

ACCORDING to your lordship's desire, I have returned you conditions, such as may be fit and satisfactory to the soldiers. To your lordship and family I have granted quiet and security from all violence of any that belongs to me. I would persuade your lordship not to fear any ill or disrespect from the committee of this county (I shall easily reconcile that party,) or that they will do any thing, but as they shall receive order from the Parliament. By this means you are at liberty to send to the Parliament; and upon a present surrender and submission to their mercy and favour, your lordship cannot but think to receive better terms for yourself, than if you stand out to the last extremity, when besides the hazard of your person, and of those in your family (which I do presume are dear to you,) and the spoil of the castle, which cannot be avoided, in extreme undertakings against it. Your lordship hath no reason to expect better than the Marquis of Winchester received, who in making good Basing House to the last, narrowly escaped in his own person, lost his

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friend, subjected those that escaped to great frights and hazard, his house and estate to utter ruin, and himself to extremity of justice.* Touching your lordship's twenty thousand pounds, your lordship hath liberty to solicit about that by the same hands your lordship shall give an account of the surrender to his Majesty. I desire your lordship, upon the receipt of these, to dismiss my trumpeter, and to return an answer by one of your own.

THO. FAIRFAX.

SIR,
The difficulty of resolution by the soldiers and officers (other than I thought), causeth my request for your patience, in not giving you full answer to the conditions you sent me yesterday: but as soon as I shall obtain it, you shall not be long without it: but one thing, and that of moment, I desire to be satisfied in; whether if any conclusions should be made, that afterwards I should be left to the mercy of the Parliament, for alteration at their will and pleasure; and if it be so, I shall endeavour in vain to study more about it; for example, in any Lord of Shrewsbury's case, and divers others, how conditions have been broken, doth a little affright me: I know, by your will and consent, it should never be; but soldiers are unruly, and the Parliament

* Cromwell having left General Fairfax in the West of England, set down, with a selected force, before Basing House, in Hampshire,—and, from a refusal to comply with his summons, he stormed the place, took it, and put most of the garrison to the sword.

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unquestionable ; and therefore, I beseech you, pardon my just cause of fear, and I will rest your humble servant,

H. WORCESTER.

AUGUST 11th.

MY LORD,

I HAVE perused your letter of the 11th of August. As to your scruple wherein you desire to be satisfied (so far as I understand it), I can only give you this resolution, That, what I grant, I will undertake shall be made good. As to the instance you give in my Lord of Shrewsbury's case, the actors in that breach (who were none of my army,) have received their censure, and by this time, I believe, their execution. But here, if any conclusion be made while I stay, I dare undertake there shall be no such thing ; or if any, there shall be reparation.

THO. FAIRFAX.

AUGUST 11, 1646.

SIR,

FOR the better accommodation of these unhappy differences, if you please that there may be a cessation of arms and working, and to engage your honour for the return of my commissioners, to-morrow by ten of the clock, they shall wait upon you in your Leaguer, where they shall vindicate me for being the only obstruction of the general peace. So in expectation of your sudden answer, I rest your humble servant,

H. WORCESTER.

AUGUST 13, 1646.

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MY LORD,

HAVING not yet received, in any of your letters, a direct answer to the conditions I sent you, I have no grounds or consideration for such a cessation of arms and working, as in your letter you desire ; bat if it be your purpose to return your answer by commissioners, I shall, by the hour you mention, appoint commissioners of mine own, to receive the same in the Leaguer,* as you desire, and engage myself for the safe return of yours, not exceeding six commissioners, and as many servants ; and in order to this I shall be content there be a cessation of arms and working from nine of the clock to-morrow morning, till two in the afternoon.

Yours,

THO. FAIRFAX.

YORK, AUGUST 14.

SIR,

HAD I not thought you had been in the Leaguer, to the end that propositions from the place, in answer to yours, might have been first presented unto you, and to avoid delays, which I thought your side would best like of, it was resolved to send commissioners together with our propositions ; but considering it was otherwise, I have sent you such as I am advised unto, to take into your consideration : and because there is some addition to yours, I would have been glad you had heard the just reason thereof, to the end you might not have been persuaded to slight them without just cause. Your

* The besieging fields.

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pleasure for the ordering of business, that your leisure expect; and if you please the dismission of this messenger; and so rest your humble servant,

H. WORCESTER.

My Lord,

I HAVE perused the propositions sent out by your commissioners, which I find such as deserve no answer. I have offered your lordship, and the rest, conditions, which you may yet have, if you accept in time. If there be any thing in them obscure, needing explanation, or wanting circumstantials, for the better performing of the things intended therein, I shall be willing to appoint commissioners on my part, to treat with yours to that purpose, upon those propositions of mine: provided you send commissioners instructed with power to treat and conclude, and return your resolution herein by six of the clock in the evening. Your's, &c.

Tho. FAIRFAX.

AUGUST 16, 1646.

In the mean time the besiegers went on with their approaches towards the Castle—their main works being not above sixty yards distant; and had planted four mortar pieces in one place, and two mortar pieces at another, each mortar piece carrying a granado shell twelve inches diameter.

August 14.—Fairfax appainted a new approach, which the engineer, Captain Hooper, had so far proceeded in as to throw up approaches of an hundred yards, in circuit, making exact running trenches (as secure as if they were works against a storm), coming within sixty yards of their works.



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August 15.—The Marquis sent forth his desire to treat upon the General's propositions: whereupon the Treaty was appointed at Mr. Oates's House (about a mile and a half from Ragland,)* to begin at two of the clock that afternoon. Fairfax's Commissioners were, Colonel Birch; Mr. Herbert, Quarter-master; General Grasvenor; Lieut. Col. Ashfield; and Major Tulida.

By Monday, August 17, the Treaty was concluded, according to the ensuing Articles.

"Nobly done," says Sanderson, "to hold out the last garrison for the King in England or Wales. And a thanksgiving day was appointed by Parliament for the surrendering thereof, and of others lately delivered up, in this order: Worcester, Wokingford, Ruthin, Pendennis, and *Ragland* the last.

It is remarkable, that the two last garrisons which surrendered to the Parliament Army, were defended by men so far advanced in life as the Marquis of Worcester, proprietor of Ragland Castle (who was 83 years of age), and John Arundel, Esq. Governor of Pendennis Castle, in South Wales; on which circumstance it has been observed, "That those garrisons, which were defended with the greatest courage, in the end obtained as good and honourable conditions, as any of those who surrendered on the first summons."

Notice of which will be taken in its proper place.

ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION,

Concluded and agreed on between his Excellency Sir **THOMAS FAIRFAX**, Knight, General of the Forces raised by the Parliament, on the one part;

AND

The Right Honourable the Marquis and Earl of **WORCESTER**, Governor of the Garrison and Castle of Ragland, on the other part; for and concerning the Surrender of the Castle and Garrison of Ragland.

ARTICLE I.

That the Castle and Garrison of Ragland, with all the ordnance, arms, ammunition, and provision of war, thereunto belonging, shall be delivered up, without wilful spoil, unto his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, or such as he shall appoint to receive the same, on Wednesday next, being the 19th day of this instant August, by ten of the clock in the forenoon, in such form as shall be expressed in the ensuing articles.

II. That upon the said 19th day of August, the officers, gentlemen, and soldiers of the garrison, with all other persons therein, shall march out of the said garrison, with their horses and arms, with colours flying, drums beating, trumpets sounding, matches lighted at both ends, bullets in their mouths, and every soldier with twelve charges of powder, match and bullet proportionable, and bag and baggage, to any place within ten miles of the garrison, where the Governor shall nominate: where in respect his Majesty hath no garrison in

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England, nor army any where within this kingdom, and dominion of Wales; their arms shall be delivered up to such as his Excellency shall appoint to receive them, where the soldiers shall be disbanded: and that all, both officers, gentlemen, and soldiers, shall have the benefit of these ensuing articles, except persons excepted from pardon and composition, they engaging themselves not to bear arms hereafter against the Parliament, nor do any thing, during their abode in the Parliament's quarters, prejudicial to their affairs.

III. That such as desire to go to their own homes, or to their private friends, shall have the General's pass and protection, for their peaceable repair to, and abode at, the several places they shall go unto; the officers and gentlemen to pass with their horses and arms; also such officers and gentlemen, reformed or not reformed, that want horses, shall march with their arms; and all officers, gentlemen, soldiers, and others, shall pass with bag and baggage.

IV. That all officers, gentlemen, and others, comprised within this Capitulation, shall have three months time allowed them to remain in any place within the Parliament's quarters, for the endeavouring their peace and composition. And all gentlemen that desire to go beyond the seas, shall have their passes for themselves and their servants, and all other necessaries, to any seaport, to ship themselves, they paying the usual rate: provided they go within three months after the said surrender. And that all gentlemen, officers, and others, as desire to take foreign entertainment, shall, without exception, have passes for themselves and servants to

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go to London or elsewhere, to treat with any ambassador, or other; to that purpose, with their bag and baggage, to march to any port, or to be transported whither they please, they likewise paying the usual rates.

V. That such as are either wounded or sick, shall either have liberty to stay in the Castle, or be removed to such other places as the Governor shall chuse for their recovery.

VI. That no officers, gentlemen, or soldiers, during these three months, shall be questioned for any words spoken, or acts done, relating to this war or the commencement of it: that no person comprised in these Articles be reproached, affronted, plundered, or injured, in their march, quarters, or places of abode; or any person that shall receive them, shall be molested, or suffer any prejudice thereof, but shall have liberty, during the limited time, to pass about their lawful occasions, provided they act nothing to the prejudice of the Parliament. And in case any of these Articles be broken by any particular person, that the punishment extend no farther than the party so offending. And that all these Articles may be faithfully observed according to the true intent thereof, without any civil or mental reservation to infringe them, or any of them.

On Wednesday, August 19, the Castle was surrendered, according to the agreement, to Sir Thomas Fairfax, for the use of the Parliament. The Garrison was no sooner marched forth, but Fairfax entered the Castle, took a view of it, had some conference with the Marquis, and

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afterwards went that night to Chepstow, where he was entertained by the Committee there; from whence, on Thursday the 20th, he returned to his quarters at Bath.

The Castle of Ragland was a very strong place, having a deep moat encompassing it, besides the river by running it. There were delivered up with it twenty pieces of ordnance, only three barrels of powder, but they had a mill with which they could make a barrel a day. There was found great store of corn and malt, wine of all sorts, and beer. The horses they had left were not many, and those that were, almost starved for want of hay; so that the horses had like to have eaten one another for want of meat, and therefore were tied with chains! There were also great store of goods and rich furniture found in the Castle, which Fairfax committed to the care and custody of Mr. Herbert, commissioner of the army, Mr. Roger Williams, and Major Tuliday, to be inventoried. And that in case any of the country should make a just claim to any of them, as having been violently taken from them, or they compelled to bring them in thither, they should have them restored.

THERE MARCHED OUT OF THE CASTLE,

THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER,—who was then above four score [83] years of age.—Died in December following the siege.

THE LORD CHARLEY,—The Marquis's [6th] son.—Died a canon, at Cambrai, in French Flanders.

THE COUNTESS OF GLAMORGAN,—Wife of the Earl of Glamorgan, the Marquis's eldest son, who succeeded to his father's honours.

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THE LADY JONES, SIR PHILIP JONES,—Lived at Tre-Owen, near the Castle, but retired from their own house to the Castle, as a place of better security.

DOCTOR BAILEY,—The Earl's Chaplain,

COMMISSIONARY GWILLYM,—I presume was a relative of the Whitchurch family, then living at Old Court.

Four Colonels, eighty-two Captains, sixteen Lieutenants, six Cornets, four Ensigns, four Quarter-masters, fifty-two Esquires and Gentlemen.*

Mr. OATES'S HOUSE, at Keventilla, where the Treaty was signed, is situated in the adjoining parish of Landenny, three miles from Ragland, at that time the best house near it, and will be the subject for future pages.

The Fifth Letter in the Correspondence between Sir T. Fairfax and the Marquis of Worcester, is dated at Usk, five miles from Ragland, a few days before the treaty was concluded. There are now the remains of what was once a distinguished mansion, called the "Great House," now occupied by Mr. T. Edwards, which, like Mr. Oates's residence, at Keventilla, remains to tell the tale of former days. When the late Mrs. Pytt, to whom the property belonged, erected her house at Ragland, she stripped the rooms at Usk of their beautiful oak wainscoats, richly carved with our national armorial ensigns, to decorate the walls at Ragland, where some of it now remains; but a large portion, intended for other [unfinished] apartments, remained as lumber, a part of which was, after the Lady's decease, by succeeding tenants, consigned to light the fire.

* Who these "Officers and Gentlemen" were, is unknown.

SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX'S CAMP.

TRADITION has preserved the *situation* it occupied, for the spot of ground from whence his letters to the Marquis of Worcester are dated, retains the name of the *Leaguer Fields* at the present day, and forms a part of Mr. Miles's and Mr. Jefferies's farms. From a survey of the place, it appears that the Parliament army commenced the siege with the most certain hope of speedily reducing the garrison to their authority, as no remains of entrenchments, or other shelter from the arms of their enemies, are to be traced in any of the fields which the writer has walked over.

It occupied a ridge of land in the park, about half a mile, or rather more, to the eastward of the Castle, being the most convenient eminence from which it could be approached, with this particular recommendation, a near and plentiful supply of water.

Mr. E. Jefferies (whose ancestors had rented and lived on the estate he occupied for many generations), informed me, that in a piece of land near the Leaguer, called the "Forest Field," he had found great quantities of musket balls, when ploughing it for tillage; and if any rain fell in the night after their day's labour, bullets were plentifully to be picked up on the surface of the soil.

Coins, and other curious Articles, were also numerous; but being then a boy, and not estimating their value, himself and brothers were used to bore holes through the pieces of money, and wear them on a string round

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their necks for ornament, or gave them to their play-fellows. Not a vestige of them remained in his possession, or they would have been devoted to the interest of these pages.

At the back of the Camp, within the distance of a few hundred yards, were very extensive fish-ponds, occupying twenty acres of land, richly stocked with all kinds of fish. Mr. Jefferies says, that when these waters had swoln their banks after rain, and retired again to their bounds, his family were used to pick up, on the grass, a sufficient quantity of fish to serve them for several days, or as long as the sight of them could be endured. As these ponds were without any protection of railing, the cattle at feed were used to retire hither in the heat of the summer; but from the nature of the soil, which is a stiff clay, and the depth of the water, whatever beast entered was irrecoverably drowned. Mr. Jefferies attempted to guard against so heavy a loss as he frequently sustained, by a strong fence; but as this barrier was overcome by agility, his father obtained leave to turn them into meadow land; in consequence of which the dam-heads were cut through, and the water drained off, but their form and extent may be exactly traced at the present day. The pond on the Lower Lodge farm was equal in extent to those of Mr. Jefferies when united, and has shared a similar fate. Mr. Jefferies also observed, that the quantity of fish taken, when the pools were drained off, exceeded calculation.

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CONFERENCE

Between Sir T. Fairfax and the Earl of Worcester.

WE are told by Mr. Rushworth, that the garrison of Ragland was no sooner marched forth after its surrender, but General Fairfax entered the Castle, took a view of it, and had some *conference* with the Earl; which conversation the Book of "Apothegms" has fortunately preserved:

"After much conference betwixt the Marquess and General Fairfax, wherein many things were requested of the General by the Marquess, and being as he thought himself happy in the attainment, his Lordship was pleased to make a merry petition to the General as he was taking his leave, viz: in the behalf of a *Couple of Pigeons*, which were wont to come to his hand, and feed out of it constantly, in whose behalf he desired the General that he would be pleased to give him his protection for them, fearing the little command that he should have over his soldiers in that behalf. To which the General said, I am glad to see your Lordship so merry. Oh, said the Marquess, you have given me no other cause; and hasty as you are, you shall not go until I have told you a story. There were two men going up Holborn in a cart to be hanged, one of them being very merry and jocund, gave great offence unto the other, who was sad and dejected, insomuch as that the downcast man said unto the other, I wonder brother that you can be so frolic, considering the business we are going about. Tush, answered the other, thou art a fool, thou wentest a thieving

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and never thought what would become of thee, wherefore being on a sudden surprised, thou fallest into such a shaking fit, that I am ashamed to see thee in that condition, whereas I was resolved to be hanged before ever I fell to stealing ; which is the reason, nothing happening strange or unexpected, I go so composed unto my death. So, said the Marques, I resolved to undergo whatsoever, even the worst of evils that you were able to lay upon me, before ever I took up arms for my sovereign, and therefore wonder not that I am so merry."—From the general tenor of the conversation of the Marquis of Worcester, as exhibited throughout these *Apothegeums*, there is just reason for believing the conversation here quoted to be correct.

The late Mr. Thomas Hollings, surgeon, who lived to the age of 84, and whose life was passed among the best families in Monmouth and its neighbourhood, told me, "that this Conference, with the Letters that passed at the Siege, were in the Library at Coldbrook." If so, it is probable they were copied from the preceding authorities.

The writer would be wanting in gratitude, due to the memories of many intelligent agriculturists in Ragland, were he to pass in silence the kindness received, by their communications to these pages ; among whom, in addition to Mr. Jefferies, he has to notice the late Mr. George, who was not only one of the best educated men, in his rank in society, in the county, but also retained his classic learning through life ; which, with the addition of the Welsh language, and the most retentive memory, enabled him to impart much valuable local information to these collections. Few spoke LATIN with more fluency.

GENERAL REMARKS
ON
RAGLAND CASTLE.

MR. GROSE, in his Antiquities of England and Wales, observes, "That this Castle is of no great antiquity; its foundations are said to have been laid about the time of Henry the Seventh [1485—1506,] since which, additions have been made at different periods."

Leland thus describes it;—"Ragland, yn middle Vence-land, ys a fair and pleasant Castel, 8 miles from Chap-stow and 7 from Bergavenny, the Towne by ys bare, ther lye to goodly Parkes adjacent to the Castel." *And in another place*, "Morgan toldē me that one of the laste Lord Herbertes builded all the beste logges of the Castel of Ragland."

Camden calls it "a fair house of the Earl of Worces-ter's, built Castel ways."

I know not on what authority he fixes so late a date as the reign of Henry VII. for its erection, since Mr. Collins informs us, in the "Pedigree of Herbert," that Sir John Morley, knight, lord of Ragland Castle, resided here in the reign of Richard II. [1377—1399.] Mr. Jones's MS. says it was built by Sir William Thomas, and his son William earl of Pembroke, who was beheaded at Banbury. Sir W. Thomas lived in the reign of Henry V. [1413] and was present with the king at the memorable battle of Agincourt, in defending whom, in company with

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Sir David Gaim, he lost his life, his Majesty bestowing on him the honour of knighthood before he died. The Earl of Pembroke was beheaded in the 8th of Edward IV. [1469]; so that both these testimonies directly contradict his assertion. The ornamental parts of the interior might have been afterwards added, as our national taste improved; but as the towers and principal parts possess great uniformity, as well with regard to the stone as to the style of architecture, I yield my opinion, and so I presume will the reader, to those writers whose authority I have quoted. Mr. Williams, in the History of Monmouthshire, has followed Mr. Grose, without assigning any reason for so doing; but after the above observation, further refutation is unnecessary.

SITUATION.

Nothing could have been more happily chosen in point of situation. It occupies a pleasing eminence, which is easy of access; and as the Parks, which surround it, are all converted into farms, which are in a high state of cultivation, the whole neighbourhood assumes the most luxuriant and cheerful appearance.

The late Mr. Lewis Richards, of Troy House, Steward to the Duke of Beaufort, having kindly permitted me to inspect a map of the Castle Farm, I am by that means enabled to say, that the space of ground within the Castle walls measured four acres, two rods, and one perch.

In casting the eye over the whole of this building, the mind is astonished at the infinite labour which must have been exerted to collect together such a quantity of materials of different descriptions. It should be observed,

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that the generality of these edifices are placed on, or near, the bank of a navigable river (for the purpose of defending some important pass or place), by which means the carriage of stone is attended with little trouble; but in the present instance, there is no navigable river nearer the Castle than the Wye, from which it is distant, at Monmouth, eight miles, and at Chepstow twelve. Besides, there does not appear any quarry in the country of the same kind of stone as that with which it is built, which is of a light grey colour, and very hard; nor has the writer been able to obtain, from any well-informed friend, the place whence it was collected. No such stone as that used for the chimney pieces and other ornaments, is to be met with in Monmouthshire.

Our ancestors appear to have been particularly well skilled in the composition of their cement, which is now nearly as hard as the stones it holds together. Even the people of the country, when they were summoned to rendezvous at the Castle, with pick-axes, in order to destroy it, "after tedious battering the top thereof," were obliged to desist from that method as fruitless, and adopt other arts for its demolition. Yet, though 184 years have since passed away, it remains now as firm as the first day it was laid.

Nor are the Architects who built it less deserving of our praise, for such is the neatness and exactness with which the facing stones are laid, that they exhibit the same perfect appearance as though the artist had just left the scaffold. The bricks which compose the south wall are not deficient in point of durability with the stone, being extremely well burnt; but this ceases to be a mat-

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ter of surprise, when we consider how peculiarly adapted the soil is for such a purpose.

We can now form but a very imperfect opinion of the extent to which the Outworks, as described in my late friend Mr. Tregoz's Notes, were carried. The rich and magnificent Oak Tree before the first gate of entrance, whose towering head, rising in lofty grandeur, and spreading wide his capacious arms, seeming to say to the sons and daughters of science, here would I afford you protection, while you contemplate on my long residence, previous to your approach to yonder ruined walls, if I had a Seat for your accommodation,—appears to have taken his stand on the principal part of the defence, thrown up in front of the besieging army. But, when the estates of ancient families are set out for profit, the tenant soon brings about a revolution of former purposes,—or, in other words, adopts ancient uses to modern manners. Just so has it fared with Ragland; every succeeding occupier having converted the adjoining places into what he deemed most conducive to his interest.

THE PARKS.

Of these domains we have better information. Though we cannot positively fix their limits, some nominal remains aid our determination. I am of opinion, that, independent of the farms now occupied by Mr. Hallen and Mr. Miles (which alone are of considerable yearly value), the following estates were included in their boundary, viz.

The Lower Argoed, The Lower House, The Lodge, Pen-y-Park, and The Warrage.

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These I conceive to have formed the "HOME PARK," (besides other places of less note), the whole producing a large rental. In some places the *parky appearance* of the land still remains, the soil not having been broken up for centuries, but they are mere fragments, no better grain growing in the kingdom than on the above farms.

It is expressly mentioned in the list of officers belonging to Ragland Castle, that there were *two Keepers of the Home Park, and two Keepers of the Red Deer Park*. Hondius, in his Map of the County, in "Speed's History of Britain, marks them both, by encircling them with paling. Hence it must be inferred, that they were separate and distinct from each other. In support of this opinion, I have the authority of the late Mr. James Croft, for asserting, that his father, who lived at Llandilo Cres-senney, knew a very old inhabitant of that parish, whose ancestors had told him, "That the Farm Mr. Croft occupied was part of the Red Deer Park, and that they had seen the Deer feeding in it." As Llandilo is not more than four miles from Ragland, and knowing that Mr. Croft would not publish an assertion at the expense of his veracity, the information may be deemed interesting at this day, as it enables us to ascertain, in some measure, the boundary of these demesnes.

That they were of great extent cannot be doubted, if an opinion was to be formed only from the timber that grew thereon. Mr. Nicholson, in his "Compendium to the Peerage of England," says,

" All the timber in the THREE PARKS, that lay to the house, was cut down, and sold by the Committees for Sequestration, the offal of which (for there was no

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" coppice wood in any of the parks), amounted, according to the Sub-committees (who were not used to acknowledge the utmost of the profits they made), to 37,000 cords of wood, by which the value of the timber may be a little guessed at. The lead that covered the Castle was sold for six thousand pounds ; and the timber, a great part of it to Bristol, to build up the houses upon the bridge, which happened to have been lately burnt. The loss to this family in the house and woods, has been modestly computed at one hundred thousand pounds, besides at least as great a sum lent to his then Majesty by the Marquis, and the maintaining the garrison of Ragland, and the raising and maintaining two several armies at his own expense, commanded by his son Edward Earl of Glamorgan ; and the Sequestration from 1646, and afterwards the sale of that whole estate by the Rump [Parliament], which amounted, as appears by that year's audit, to twenty thousand pounds per annum, and was not restored till the Restoration of King Charles II. in 1660, when Edward, then Marquis of Worcester, had the possession delivered him of that part of that estate he had not, during that necessitous time, sold and passed away."

" See further information in my Account of *Chepstow*.

Heavy as the "iron hands of Cromwell," or rather of the Parliament, fell on this mansion, the demolition it at present exhibits did not proceed wholly from the weight of their authority. By Mr. Tregozze I was informed, that during the life time of the late Duke of Beaufort's father, Ragland Castle was considered as a kind of perennial

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spring, or fountain that flowed for ever, for the supply of whatever materials were wanted for the repair of his estates. Was a barn or stable to be built, here was the stone and timber—did they want the aid of the mason; from hence were their declining frames to be invigorated. In short, to every possible necessity this Castle administered its assistance.

Nor need I use any argument to prove the truth of this assertion, for the stranger, in visiting a tenement, called the Lower House, will observe many of the stones in the wall that have withstood the shock of musketry, and other efforts of war, evidently declaring the place from whence they came.

At that time Mr. Harding, an attorney, who resided at Chepstow, was Steward; and under him was employed as Surveyor, or Chief Carpenter, a person of the name of Hopkins, who might be deemed (but who acted with the authority of his master,) the GRAND DILAPIDATOR, after the Parliamentary devastation had been accomplished. One mason told Mr. Tregoze, from whom I received the information, that he had, by Mr. Hopkins's orders, *taken down twenty-three stair cases, besides chimney pieces, window frames, &c.*

But when the late Duke of Beaufort came into possession of his father's titles and estates, the weapons of destruction were arrested from the hands of the spoiler, and every avenue blocked up to prevent a future demolition, by giving strict orders, that not a stone should be moved from its then situation, under any pretence whatsoever, which injunction is rigidly attended by Mr. Wyatt at the present day.

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COINS AND CURIOUS ARTICLES.

As a circumstance connected with the History of the Castle, the writer has been diligent in his inquiries among the inhabitants of Ragland respecting Coins, which accident or family bequest, might have put in their possession, but nothing gratifying has resulted from the search. The late Mr. J. George, of Ragland, shewed me an half groat of Edward IV. (by whom the Herbert family were ennobled), and other pieces of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James and Charles, &c. I also inspected; but not one of them deserved a pardon from the crucible of the silversmith, to which they were speedily to be consigned.

Mr. Tregoze informed me, that when the Moat was cleared, a number of pieces of different coin were found by the labourers, which Mrs. Evans took care to preserve; but on the arrival of the late Duchess Dowager of Beaufort at Ragland, soon after to visit the Castle, the *country goody*, in the simplicity of her heart, got out all this newly acquired treasure, and after *washing* and *cleaning* it, to make it *bright* and more worthy her offering, placed the pieces on a large pewter dish, and advancing with several *profound dips*, presented them to the Duchess for acceptance, which were received with apparent satisfaction. Mr. Tregoze seemed to imply Mr. Evans became possessed of much valuable property while occupier of this farm.

A branch of the Beaufort family being on a visit in this town, I took the liberty an opportunity afforded of speaking to his Lordship on the subject of these Coins;

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requesting to be informed, “ if he had at any time seen them in the cabinet, either at Stoke or Badminton ? ” To which his Lordship, most politely, replied in the negative ; further adding, “ You appear, Mr. Heath, to know more of the history of our family than we do ourselves.”

When Mr. Wyatt caused the rubbish to be removed, which surrounded the broken angle of the Yellow Tower, to make a more perfect entrance to the stairs which lead to its summit, a large piece of cloth, of the quality of canvas, was discovered ; and at the same time and place, a piece of chocolate coloured silk fringe, about four inches and a half deep. The colour of the former had nearly disappeared, so as not to be known, and exhibited holes, as though it had been nailed to wood. But the fringe is a beautiful specimen of decorative furniture, confirming the state of the bedchambers as described by the Welsh Bard, in the reign of King Henry the VIIth. Specimens of each are in the writer’s possession.

A noble Dish, *superior* in appearance to *pewter*, but not *equal to silver*, such as the Barons of old are said to have used in their ancient halls, twenty-five inches in diameter, and decorated with armorial bearings, was presented to Mr. Chambers, by Mr. Chas. Morgan, of Bryngwyn,* which, with goodly grace, stood pre-eminent above its fellows, in the *cuisine* department at Ragland, whose dignity was further increased when

* Mr. William Morgan, of Bryngwyn, near Ragland (father of the above gentleman), was living when I began this publication in 1792, and in good spirits, though nearly 100 years old ; but he retired to the tomb, without having any conversation, occasioned by my inadvertency, on the Castle, in his recollection—which I consider a great loss to the interest of these pages.

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sustaining the far-famed *sir-loin*, or still more *savoury haunch*;—but Mr. Pytt, of Gloucester, collector of the tax, compelled Mr. Chambers to deface the Arms, unless he consented to pay the armorial duty (one guinea per year), so that its ornaments, for the above reason, have since been obliterated,—from being informed, that they neither were borne nor quartered by any part of the Beaufort family,—otherwise they would have been preserved by Mr. Chambers, for their *local history*.

DESTRUCTION OF THE LIBRARY.

Every reader of taste will receive with sorrow the information when he is told, that the Library at this Castle, belonging to the Marquis of Worcester, esteemed *one of the finest in Europe, was totally destroyed.*

This demolition is the more to be lamented, from its owner being “Governor of all South Wales,” and must have had, by virtue of his office, many valuable papers connected with the district he presided over, and of which Ragland formed a part. After such an acknowledged fact, what hopes, even under the highest patronage, could the best informed writer entertain, of producing a satisfactory History of the Public Transactions of this County?

SUPPLY OF THE CASTLE WITH GRAIN.

I have in my possession a very curious document, given to me by Mr. Wm. Probyn, being “The Resolutions of the principal persons in the Town and Manor of Monmouth, for supplying the Earl of Worcester with grain, during the siege of Ragland Castle;”—by which it appears, that, in one week, 298 bushels of different sorts of corn and malt, were sent to the storehouse in Monmouth,

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to be from thence delivered at Ragland, and in such quantities as may be deemed necessary for its use.

The articles of superior necessity appear to have been wheat, malt, and oats, particularly the latter, which are given to *Tom the Coachman*, *Tom the Groom*, the post-treys, and others, and are set down at the value of 18d. per bushel. But this, I am informed by the late Mr. Philip Hardwick, is a higher price than they were sold at within his memory, 10d. being then the customary charge in this market, as they were only used to give the poultry. Wheat was also sold at Monmouth for 3s. 6d. a bushel.

The title of the MS. is as follows:

"Manor de Monoth, in Membris."

"Wee whose names are hereunto subscribed, being tenants within the said Man. or Ldpp. do hereby subscribe and engage to give unto the Right Honble Charles Somersett Earle of Worcester, Ld. of this Menor, with its Members, such quantitys of Corne as each tenant shall subscribe hereby to give, in testimony of our duty and respect unto him."

The first subscriber is Henry Milbourne, for twenty bushels of wheat and twenty bushels of oats. Unfortunately the year is omitted. It commences with the month of October, and is continued to the 9th of February. Certainly it must allude to the above period, for at any other time such a contribution was unnecessary.

While on the subject,—Tradition records the following circumstance, as a means by which the garrison obtained when besieged, considerable supplies from the country. In the still hour of night, a fire was made on an adjoining

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eminence, which was a signal that provisions were collected for the use of the Castle ; when a party was dispatched to the spot, who returned loaded with the bounty of their friends.*—*By the late Mr. Croft, Troy Horseman.*

" Not only in my walks with Mr. Chambers about his farm, to superintend his workmen, but on every occasion, when opportunity presented itself, I have made inquiry, among the aged of the parish; † If they had heard their fathers or relations speak of any circumstance connected with the history of the castle *at a former period*, but none of them were able to increase the information of Mr. Tregozze, except in one instance, where a servant said, " He had heard his parents speak of some of their ancestors having been taken, when children, to see King

* Another time, the King coming unto my Lord (Worcester) at Ragland, told him, that he thought not to have stayed with his Lordship above three days, but his occasions requiring his longer abode with him, he was willing to ease him of so great a burthen, as to be altogether too heavy a charge unto him; and considering it was a garrison, that his provisions might not be spent by so great a pressure, he was willing that his lordship should have power given him to take what provisions the country would afford for his present maintenance and recruit : to which his lordship made this reply : " I humbly thank your Majesty, but my Castle will not stand long if it leans upon the countrey: I had rather be brought to a morsel of bread, than any morsels of bread should be brought me to entertain your Majesty."—*Apothegms of the Earl of Worcester.*

† This valued character, whose friendship commenced with my first becoming a resident at Monmouth, had been appointed Steward to the Duke of Beaufort a short period before his decease. Being a native of the county, and aided by the situation he filled, he would, with the sincerest pleasure, have promoted my wishes, for the advancement of my topographical pursuits in Monmouthshire, if death had not so suddenly called him to his eternal rest.

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Charles I. play at bowls with the Earl's family on the green of the Castle."

After the battle of Naseby (which took place on the 15th of June 1645), the King repaired to Ragland Castle, where he was always sure of meeting with a gracious reception, independent of the pecuniary aid he was further accommodated with by the Marquis,* which brings us to an important period of British history, and to be treading upon embers scarcely cold.

On the 15th of September following, the King took his leave of the Castle; and on his departure observed, *that it was to ease his Lordship of a great burthen*. Distracted as he then was, from not knowing where to go, his Majesty and attendants wandered about this and the adjoining counties, accepting protection from every family of respectability, who had fortune and inclination to administer to his distress. Sir William Morgan, Tredeger; Sir Philip Morgan, Rupera; Mr. Gunter, Abergavenny; Mr. Moore, Crick; Mr. Pritty, Newport; and Mr. Prichard, Lancayo, are families particularly mentioned in the work I have quoted. Ragland was a central point, from whence the King set out and again returned to, as best suited with his situation. Many "cruel days," meaning, marching from early in the

* When the King had made his repair to Raglan Castle, a seat of the Marquis of Worcester's, between Monmouth and Abergavenny, after the battle of Naseby, taking occasion to thank the Marquis for some monies lent to his Majesty, the Marquis returned his Majesty this answer,—
"Sir, I had your word for the money, but I never thought I should be so soon repaid; for now you have given me thanks, I have all I looked for."—Apothegms of the Earl of Worcester.

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morning till late at night, and without food, are noticed in these journeys over the country.

As an effort on the part of the Marquis, to aid the sinking cause of his sovereign, he permitted his son, Lord Herbert, to accept a commission from the King, allowing him to raise and arm a body of 500 horse, and 1500 foot, at his father's sole expense, which he accomplished with incredible expedition. The horse he put under the command of his brother, Lord John Somerset, (styled a ~~wicked~~ soldier,) and the foot under Colonel Lawley, whom he made his major-general, a brave and spirited officer, who was soon after killed by a stone thrown from a window at Coleford, (six miles from Monmouth,) where a rabble of the country people had assembled, to prevent the passage of the force through the Forest of Dean, on its march towards Gloucester, where it was going, to assist at the siege of that city, and took up their quarters at the Vineyard, a short distance from it, near the banks of the Severn. But Sir William Waller, who was then on the borders of Wiltshire, came rapidly down to the Severn, and having some flat bottom boats there ready to meet him, immediately passed over: the guard being either softishly or treacherously neglected, upon the advance of Sir William, the consternation was so great among the new New Welsh soldiers, that without giving or receiving a blow, they fairly sent out to treat, and as kindly delivered up themselves and arms, upon the single grant of quarter; though their works were too good to be entered by dragoons! though the avenues were but narrow, in all which they had cannon planted, and their numbers very near, if not fully, equal to the enemy—a submission

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so like a stratagem, that Waller himself could hardly trust it. Lord Herbert was at Oxford, and Lord John Somerset, with three or four troops, at a safe distance from the rest.

This, says a titled historian, was the end of that unfortunate army (the raising of which was considered such an effort on the part of the Marquis, that scarcely any other nobleman in the realm could have accomplished,) which grew up and perished so soon, that the loss of it was scarce apprehended at Oxford, because the strength, or rather the number, was not understood. But, adds the above authority, if the money which was laid out in raising, arming, and paying that body of men, which never advanced the king's service in the least degree, had been brought into the king's receipt at Oxford, to have been employed on the most advantage, I am persuaded that the war might have been ended the next summer. For I have heard the Lord Herbert say, "That those preparations, and the other, which by that defeat was rendered useless, cost above threescore thousand pounds, the greatest part of which was advanced by his father."

The conclusion of these transactions is too awfully impressed on our memories. The summer of the succeeding year brought with it the destruction of Ragland Castle; and the winter of it, the Marquis, in captivity, to his grave; while the Sovereign, after witnessing the death of his friend, and passing a life of fear and sorrow, was, in the space of a few years, led to the scaffold—receiving the termination of a miserable existence from the hands of the common executioner.

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Never do I tread the principal apartments in the castle, without calling to my recollection the interesting conversations, detailed in these pages, that took place between the King and the Marquis in these rooms; nor cast my eyes around the stately hall, without picturing to my imagination the monarch of the land, seated around the spacious fire, in social converse, with the Marquis, his lady, and thirteen children. What an highly gratifying spectacle to the lovers of domestic happiness.

To the honour of his son and successor, Edward, Marquis of Worcester, the *power of Steam* was first noticed, and brought into action by his talents; having published a small treatise in 1655, called "Scantlings of Invention," from which period we date the origin of this application to the mechanic arts.

If Horace Walpole were to revisit his villa at Strawberry Hill, and witness the different Steam Vessels on the Thames, passing and repassing his garden, when seated under the shade of his weeping willow tree on the lawn, how would he receive the information on being told, that the ships were propelled by that Steam he sneered at, in his memoirs of this nobleman, in his Catalogue of Noble Authors,—and still more so, were he to be told, that he would be conveyed from the Tower Wharf to Calais in a few hours!

PORTRAIT,

SAID TO BE OF

THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

IN the suite of apartments at Troy House (near Monmouth), among a few portraits of the Beaufort family, is a Picture, generally accepted (till lately), to be that of the Marquis of Worcester, whose memoirs have been the subject of the preceding pages.

The artist has seated his lordship before a tent, in an open field, attired in Roman costume, having a loose crimson drapery or scarf, hanging over his right shoulder, and veiling his chest,—his own fine and long brown hair flowing gracefully on each shoulder. The contour of his face (a profile), is very fine, but the *depression of spirits* thrown into the countenance forms *its history*, and principally engages my notice. The Marchioness is seated by his side, and against whose knee a little daughter, about three years old, supports herself in a leaning posture. *The Marquis's face is turned towards his Lady, who rests her right hand on his left arm.*

On my visit to Hadnock, this Picture became the subject of conversation. Dr. Griffin, who had been a guest at the table of the late Duke of Beaufort, called to recollection a conversation with his Grace, “who had his doubts of its being the portrait of his noble ancestor;”—and, since that time, another friend, who had received the

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same affection from the present Duke, held converse with his Grace on the above portrait. The Marchioness seems, from the attitude in which she is represented, "as if she wished to impress her sentiments on the mind of his lordship, whom she is addressing, and to which he is attending; but *with great expression of sorrow*." Her hand resting on his arm indicates the importance of her question, which he feels with apparent agony of mind. This opinion the latter gentleman delivered, on his return to my house in the evening; and I think he added, that his noble host was alike undecided with his father, of what part of his family these characters were the representatives. We can only lament that time should have thrown a veil over their history!

I admit, in a character like that of the Marquis, we are not to expect the levity of a thoughtless courtier; but, as the events, which proved so disastrous to his person and fortune, were very distant at the time the portrait was painted, which appears to have been when he was about fifty years of age, or near it,—we should rather think, that composure, or that kind of placid mind, which results from long habits of reflection, would have been far more characteristic of the person whose memory it perpetuates.

I do not recollect to have seen, among the heads of eminent men engraved by Nanteuil, Vischer, and other artists, a portrait of the Marquis of Worcester; but in comparing the Head given of him in the "Apotheosis," with those of King James, King Charles, &c. whose like-nesses are well known, the above observations are not ill founded.

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The picture, which measures six feet wide by four feet high; occupies a commanding situation in the apartment it is placed, and the colours are as beautiful and vivid as when it was first delivered from the painter's easel.

Troy House is not publicly shown to strangers; but the late Mr. Isambard and Mr. James Croft, often indulged Sir R. W. when in walking over its grounds. Some few years since, Sir Mark Byng and his Lady, of Stretton Hall, in Yorkshire, in their tour through the county, did him the favour of their notice, and, under the kindness of Mr. Croft, he accompanied them to solicit the like attention to Sir Mark; but when nearly arrived at the Mansion, a violent storm of rain prevented further progress. This intervention is to be lamented, for Sir Mark said "he had the second collection of Portraits in the kingdom." His Sale, at his decease, of Books, Pictures, and Prints, confirmed the just sense the sons of science entertained of his accomplished mind, by the vast sum given for the generality of their purchases,—exceeded only in number and value by those of the far-famed Duke of Roxburgh.—The first three weeks produced eighteen thousand pounds.

I never pass the spot without lamenting that the two magnificent Elm Trees, the growth of many years, which afforded us their protecting shade, should have been visited by the destructive axe of the woodman;

SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX,

AFTERWARDS LORD FAIRFAX.

HAVING passed, on the conclusion of our account of the Castle, to notice the fate of the Marquis of Worcester, let us, while on this no less interesting spot, call to our recollection the memory of Sir Thomas Fairfax, which holds forth a most important lesson; for after his military talents had, in a great measure, been instrumental in bringing the reigning Sovereign to the scaffold, we see

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him at another period of his life, exerting his efforts to restore the fugitive Prince and Son to the throne of his ancestors!

We are presented by him with a little tract, called, "Short Memorials of Thomas Lord Fairfax," written by himself; and as the work informs us, "to assist his recollection of past events."

A distinguished writer of the present age observes on the above character, "That the chief part of the persons who had been the most active in promoting revolutions in kingdoms, have in general, after their experience of the dangers and miseries consequent upon them, been very open in proclaiming them to the world."

Mr. Bryan Fairfax, the editor of his lordship's papers, says, "That most tragical and deplorable part of the Civil War, the death of the King, he utterly from his soul abhorred, and lamented to his dying day, and never mentioned it but with tears in his eyes. Indeed, as his lordship by no means consented to it, so was he much surprised when Sir Thomas Herbert told him, that the fatal stroke had been given."

He farther thus proceeds:

"The retired part of his life gave him greater satisfaction than all his former victories, when he lived quietly at his own house, at Nun Appleton, in Yorkshire; always earnestly wishing and praying for the restitution of the Royal Family, and fully resolved to lay hold on the first good opportunity to contribute his part towards it, which made him always looked upon with a jealous eye by the usurpers of that time.

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"As soon as he was invited by General Monk to assist him against Lambert's army, he cheerfully embraced the occasion, and appeared at the head of a brave body of gentlemen of Yorkshire; and upon the reputation and authority of his name, the Irish Brigade of 1200 horse forsook Lambert's army, and joined with him; the consequence was, the immediate breaking of all Lambert's forces, which gave General Monk an easy march into England.

This was always acknowledged, not only by General Monk, but by the King himself, as a signal testimony of his zeal to make amends for what was past, and of the very considerable assistance he gave towards the restoring the Royal Family.

After he had waited on his Majesty in Holland, as one of the Commissioners sent to invite him home, and had seen the King established on his throne, he retired again into his own country, where he died in peace, in the 60th year of his age, Anno 1671, leaving behind his only daughter, the Lady Mary Duchess of Buckingham."

The ANAGRAM adopted by, or given to, Sir Thomas, on his Name, was "*Fax erit Famosa*," literally meaning, *Fairfax shall be famous*, we would presume in the stream of history. The Portrait of Sir Thomas, at different periods of life, with that of Lady Fairfax, have been engraved and published, consequently useless to give them further notice.

MR OATES'S HOUSE, AT KEVENTILLA,

THE HEAD QUARTERS OF

GENERAL SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX.

ABOUT four miles south-west from Ragland, stands Keventilla, rendered distinguishable from having been the head quarters of General Sir Thomas Fairfax during the siege, as also for the meeting of the Commissioners who signed the Treaty, for the surrender of Ragland Castle.*

Supplied by Mr. Tregozze.—Mr. Oates, at his death, left an only daughter, who was married to — Jones, Esq. of Buckland, in Breconshire; by him she had a son, who married a lady of the name of Evers. Jones, jun. dying, she was again married to Sir John Price, of Newton Court, Montgomeryshire, and for her jointure had Keventilla settled upon her, in lieu of ready money. From them it descended to a Captain Evers, who resided

* Mr. Jones's MS. says, "Mr. Oates married the sister of Mr. Kemeya, of Pertholey, [near Usk, in this county]—came to Wales with Bishop Field, Bishop of Hereford; was a Proctor, has raised a great estate, and made his house beautiful and fair, and is now in the Commission of the Peace." There is no date to the MS. The writer was in hopes of meeting with some important memorials, which the collector intended, at a future day, to have embodied, respecting the conclusion of the Treaty, and the characters which signed it; but the above short paragraph was all the notice it took either of the place or of the parties.



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some time upon the estate, but afterwards sold it to the present Mr. Philip Lloyd, in whose possession it now remains. It is situated in the parish of Llandenny, and signifies, in English, *A low ridge of hills*, which is perfectly correspondent, being placed in a valley, surrounded with woodland and other slopes, cloathed or cultivated to their summits.

Pursuing the road leading to Usk for three miles, we arrive at a public house called the Taylor's Hall, where a lane, on the left hand, and about half a mile long, leads directly to the mansion. It is a large stone edifice, of a dark stucco colour, with a spacious court in front, formerly enclosed with a high wall, but now nearly razed to the ground.

Much as it has suffered from the wilful dilapidation of a late occupier, a part of the original front remains sufficiently entire to shew the stile of the building. The appearance of the windows on one side have a fine effect, which project forward, forming half an hexagon, with stone montens and transoms, moulded with a large ovelo. A low porch disgraces the entrance, which seems to have been afterwards added, as it bears the date of 1723.

A wide and lofty passage divides the ground floor, on each side of which is a large room, but that on the left is quite destroyed—the other is used as a kitchen. Through this, by an old fashioned oak staircase, were conducted to what may be deemed the State Room, and it deserves to be noticed, that the principal apartment is on the *second floor*. This room, though *shorn of its beams*, still claims the traveller's attention. It measures ten yards long, by six and a half wide, with four grand windows on

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one side, and two on the other; but these have been taken down and diminished, to reduce the window duty. At the upper end is a large fire place, above which, in the centre, are the family arms, curiously wrought in stucco, and in the finest preservation. On each side are two ancient bass relief figures, standing in circular recesses, formed with pilasters, and an archivolt, of the same kind of ornament. At the bottom is the date of the erection, viz. 1616. The whole has a very grand effect, the upper decorations being five feet four inches high, and eight feet wide. The armorial bearings are as follows, viz.

- I. Three Lions Rampant.
- II. A Cross, charged with five mullets pierced.
- III. Three Fleur de lys.
- IV. A Chevron, charged with three bugle horns stringed, between three bulls' heads cabossed.
- V. Checque, on a fesse three leopard's faces.

This is now the only room in the house deserving notice, a former tenant (with the consent of Capt. Evers) having stripped the floors of their boards, and made use of them for every purpose to which they could be converted, so that the inside exhibits, in many places, a perfect skeleton.

In justice to General Fairfax's discernment we must confess, that he secured for himself a good billet during his stay in Monmouthshire, by fixing on this house for his quarters; for independent of its proximity to the scene of action which employed his attention, it was the best mansion (if we except Sir Trevor Williams's at

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Langley Castle, near, and the Great House at Usk, in that part of the county.

It is impossible to tread these rooms without calling to our recollection the memorable characters that have passed in review before us, who, while living, bore such a distinguished share in the transactions here under consideration; nor can we refrain from heaving a sigh over the fate of once opulent families, whose names the revolution of fortune has so soon sunk among the general mass of mankind!

I have endeavoured to obtain, in the neighbourhood, "Some anecdotes of the conclusion of this business; as well as of the parties who met here, and signed the Treaty;" but such is the oblivion in which the transactions are involved, that even the Mansion House is little known in the county; and with regard to its *eventful history*, many otherwise well informed persons, of whom he made enquiry, seemed *surprised* when acquainted with the motives for his curiosity.

The writer was informed by Mr. Tregozze, that a descendant of the Evers's, who lived at Keventilla, came to Usk about the year 1800, claiming relief from that parish. Said she had been married to a soldier, whom she had survived, and who had left her a widow with two children. The parish granted the relief required, and the gentlemen of the place subscribed a sum of money towards her further assistance.

Theophilus Field, (before mentioned), of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, a native of St. Giles's, Cripplegate,

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Londong was translated from the See of Llandaff to that of St. David's in the year 1635, from St. David's to Hereford, and had the temporalities restored him on the 23d day of January in the same year. Died the 2d of June 1636, and lies buried in that Cathedral.

An opinion was received in Monmouth, that a woman who resided over Monnow Bridge, and went by the name of Lady Betty Oates, was a descendant of the Keventilla family; but Philip M. Hardwick, Esq. informed me, her real name was Pritchard, the other being given to her as a "nick-name."

BRIEF NOTICES OF LLANDENNY,

In which parish Keventilla is situated.

Llandenny is a Welsh word, and signifies, "The Church dedicated to St. Dennis."

LLANDENNY is situated two miles from Ragland, and near it runs the turnpike road leading from thence to Chepstow and both the Passages. The Manor House, called Treworgatt, stands near the highway, and equalled in its day, Mr. Oates's residence before mentioned.

Prior to the appearance of these pages, it was unknown even to the inhabitants, "That the fine meadows in this parish formed the Dairy Farm of the Marquis of Worcester, when he resided at Ragland Castle." The Rev. Mr. Jones's MS. thus mentions it, "Llandenny, situated on the river Alway, hath excellent meadow and corn grounds, woods and pastures, where the Earl of Worcester had his *Dairy Farm*, but is now in the hands of Mr.

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Roger Williams, of Newport." As corresponding testimony of the information, the house lately inhabited by Mr. Hopkins, retains the name of the "Maerdy," which, in English, signifieth the Dairy, to the present period.

What place, in the neighbourhood of Ragland, could have been so happily selected for such a purpose? Large meads of the richest verdure, extend themselves to Usk, a distance of four miles, through which the stream of the Alway flows, while valuable herds of cattle, cropping its herbage, give a greater interest and animation to the scene. Indeed, in all my walks over the county hitherto enjoyed, I could not point out, taken altogether, such an agreeable path, in the summer season, within the distance of many miles. Several families of landed fortune resided in this parish. Besides Mr. Oates, of Keventilla, the owners of Treworgan, and the Jenkins of Lydiart Melyn, deserve mention; but the tablet in the Church is all that now remains to tell us that such persons as the latter ever existed—the family being extinct, the house fallen into decay, and the land let to a farmer.

The Church is situated on a gentle eminence, and from appearance seems to have been erected about the same time as that of Ragland, being built on the same plan, and with the same kind of stone,

Inside is a mural monument, erected by Mrs. Elizabeth Oates, to the memory of her father, Mr. Roger Oates, who died Sept. 17, 1706, aged 67; and Mr. Roger Oates, her brother, who died August 3, 1790, aged 27. Besides which, there is nothing within its walls to arrest the stranger's attention.

RAGLAND CASTLE.

The preceding is the only interesting parish (if we except St. Arvons,) lying near the road between Ragland and Chepstow. - The country is also hilly and barren, without any object to relieve it till we arrive at Persfield.

In this parish, at two miles on the road from Ragland to Usk, situate on a pleasant eminence, stands The Top, late the country residence of William Harrison, Esq. of Red Lion Square, London, son of the *Inventor of the Time Piece*, who was rewarded for his ingenious discovery, with twenty thousand pounds by the British Legislature; the largest sum ever paid to an individual as a remuneration for any mechanical invention, either in this or any other State in Europe, which may be deemed the most flattering testimony of its national utility and merit.

Seated by the Possessor, "with other Justices his Fellows" and friends, the writer has here partook of the civilities and attentions of his hospitable board; nor should the beautiful Elm Tree (from its curious growth,) in the garden be without its notice, under whose wide-spreading shade the pleasure of society has been so happily enjoyed; and but for which circumstance would have bowed its head to the woodman's axe, if the writer's interposition had not saved it from such a fate. Since Mr. H.'s decease the estate has passed into different hands.—Both Mr. and Mrs. Harrison lived to a great extent of years.

RAGLAND CHURCH.

CHURCHES are the usual places of resort to obtain contemporary notices of the old possessors of the neighbouring mansion. There we expect to see the figure of the ancient warrior, with his wife and children, either traced in brass on the floor; or resting his gigantic limbs, clad in armour, on some richly adorned altar tomb; or against the wall, kneeling under the canopy of some ornamented arch-work, with his hands clasped in prayer before a desk. These cannot deceive; they realise the splendor of former times. The mind is delighted with the certainty of such embodied memorials of those, who in the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors, walked and danced in those galleries, and caroused in those halls it has just been inspecting with an imagination so full of the manners of past centuries.

Regarding Ragland as an ancient Barony, the stranger will naturally expect to find some grand monumental record of the Herbert and Beaufort families, but here his hopes will be disappointed; for their sepulchral fame is dispersed over many parts of the kingdom, viz. in Chepstow and Abergavenny churches; in the Beanfort Chapel, Windsor; a part in the vault of this Chancel; and in the Church at Badminton, in Gloucestershire (in which parish his Grace's seat is situated, and where the family have resided since the destruction of Ragland Castle); so that no succession can be traced, if we except Badminton, in any one spot, for more than a single generation.

RAGLAND CHURCH.

The Church of Ragland, which is situated in the centre of the village, is a very plain structure, with a square embattled tower at the west end; and, from appearance, its foundation is of no very early date, probably after the Castle, as the stone and architecture correspond with that edifice. It consists of a nave without aisles, vaulted and ceiled, and measures from East to West forty one yards. Over the pulpit was a gallery, the breadth of the church, but the stone stairs which led to it, are all that remain.

On the North side of the Chancel is a Chapel of the Beaufort Family, ten yards long by five wide, where in a vault underneath are deposited a small part of the Duke's ancestors. In this Chapel under a canopy, are THREE whole length recumbent figures, males and female, in white marble, with cushions under their heads and feet, but much mutilated, being broken or defaced in every part, though the collar and other ensigns of Two Knights of the Garter are still discernible.

They are supposed to perpetuate the memories of Edward fourth Earl of Worcester, and Elizabeth his wife, daughter of Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, who died in 1621, and was buried here; as was also the said Earl Edward, who was a Knight of the Garter, and died in 1627. These were the parents of the Earl that surrendered the Castle.

The recess in the wall under the canopy, I presume contained an inscription illustrative of the above characters; but the same barbarous hands that destroyed their effigies, no doubt carried away or defaced it.

RAGLAND CHURCH.

Above, in the eaves board, are nine irons, from which the banners or armorial bearings of the family were suspended,—now destroyed or worn away—but an ancient helmet, or head-piece, in the centre, as also the Beaufort crest, a Portcallis, retain their situation.

THE VAULT.

On the 8th of June 1795, in consequence of the falling in of part of the pavement of this chapel, in which his Grace's ancestors lie interred, I was enabled by the *aperture* to descend; and, with the assistance of a candle, to survey this receptacle for departed grandeur. It forms a square of about four yards, vaulted at top; and at the right end is a small recess, about three yards long and four feet wide. In this place, on the ground, are two figures enclosed in lead; one of them is of very early date,* being according the ancient mode of burial, viz. the exact shape of the body at full length, with only the eyes, nose, and mouth formed on the metal, similar to some stone figures which lie on the south side of the chancel in the church of Abergavenny, but without any appendage of sword or dagger, or cushion or emblem at the head or feet. The other figure is wrapt in lead, devoid of form, or care whatever.

The vault contains six large coffins, and a small one; the latter is that of the infant Lady Mary Somerset. The substance of the wood that covered the lead, had all mouldered away, (the plates which contained the inscrip-

* The opinion of Dr. Griffin was, that it could not have lain there less than four hundred years!

RAGLAND CHURCH.

tions being found on the ground;) even that of Lady Granville's, which was of oak, covered with crimson velvet, was quite decayed; and on being touched crumpled into powder. The coffin of this Lady served as a writing desk, and on it I copied the inscriptions, which are engraved on square pieces of copper, and are to be read as follows, viz.

I.

" Illustrissimi Principis Edwardi, Marchionis et Comitis
" Wigorniae, Comitis de Glamorgan, Baronis Herbert de
" Ragland, et qui obiit apud Londini tertio die Aprilis,
" A. Dni. M,DC,LXVII."

TRANSLATION:

The most Illustrious Prince Edward, Marquis and Earl of Worcester, Earl of Glamorgan, and Baron Herbert of Ragland, who died at London, the 3rd day of April, in the year of our Lord 1667.

" Loyal to his Prince, a true lover of his Country,
" And to his Friend most constant."

This nobleman, the eldest son and heir of Henry Marquis of Worcester, succeeded his father (who surrendered Ragland Castle) Anno 1646, in all his honours, was the second Marquis of Worcester, and by King Charles I: was constituted Lord Lieutenant of South Wales; which King also directed several letters to this Edward, in the lifetime of the Marquis his father, by the title of Earl of Glamorgan, which title he had conferred upon him, as also that of Baron Beaufort, of Caldicot Castle, in the county of Monmouth.

There was not any Inscription Plate to the memory of the Marchioness.

RAGLAND CHURCH.

“**Corpus Carli Somerset Nobilis Angli & Ducibus**
“**Beaufort,* obit Romæ, A. D. M,DCC,X, Mart, 4th,**
“**Ætat. XXI.**”

ON A PLATE.

“ The Body of the Hon. Lord Charles Somerset, Brother
“ to his Grace Henry Duke of Beaufort, Second Son of
“ the Right Hon. Charles Marquis and Earl of Worcester,
“ by Rebecca his Lady, Daughter of Sir Josiah Child, of
“ Wanstead, in the County of Essex, Knt. who died in
“ his travels at Rome, the 4th of March 1710, N. S. in
“ the 21st Year of his Age.”

III.

“ Rebecca Lady Granville, third Daughter to Sir Josiah
“ Child, Bart. Her first Husband was Charles Lord
“ Marquis of Worcester, eldest Son to his Grace Henry
“ Duke of Beaufort; by whom she had issue Henry
“ Duke of Beaufort, Lady Mary Somerset, Lady Eliza-
“ beth Somerset, Lord Charles Somerset, Lady Henrietta
“ Somerset, and Lord John Somerset. Her second Hus-
“ band was John Lord Granville, Bart. of Potheridge,
“ second son to John Earl of Bath, by whom she had no
“ issue. Died the 27th Day of July, in the 44th Year
“ of her age.”

The husband of Lady Granville was second son to Henry first
Duke of Beaufort, (by Mary Capel his wife, eldest daughter of
Arthur Lord Capel, beheaded March 1698,) was godson to King
Charles II.—but in leaping out of his coach, to avoid the danger

RAGLAND CHURCH.

he was in, from the unskillfulness of his horses running down a steep hill with him, he broke his thigh-bone, of which he died three days after, on the 13th of July, 1698, aged 38.

[Lady Granville was the last of the Beaufort family, buried at Ragland,—whose remains, in passing to that place, lay in state at the “King’s Arms” Inn, Monmouth. Agreeable to the communication of the late Mr. Charles Hughes, this was the principal inn,—now the residence of Mr. E. Phillips, near the top of Monnow street.—Two lofty upright posts stood on each side, supporting a large sign, bearing the above Arms, hung across the road;—while the house, now occupied by Mr. Thos. Evans, mercer, formed the stables,—and what was the hay-loft, is now the spacious public room of the “King’s HEAD” Inn, Agincourt square.

I embrace the opportunity here afforded, for expressing my esteem for the memory of the fathers of these young men,—of whom it may be observed, “the town had not two more kind-hearted neighbours, in all the offices of social life.”]

IV.

“The Right Hon. John Lord Somerset, third Son of
“Charles Marquis of Worcester, eldest Son and Heir
“Apparent of Henry Duke of Beaufort and Rebecca his
“Wife, Daughter of Sir Josiah Child, Baronet. De-
“parted this life the 31st December, 1704, in the 10th
“Year of his Age.”

V.

“The Lady Mary Somerset, Daughter to the most
“Honourable Charles Marquis of Worcester, by Rebecca,
“Daughter to Sir Josiah Child, of Wansted, in Essex,
“Bart. and Grand-daughter to his Grace Henry Duke of
“Beaufort. Born Sunday the 7th of February, and died
“the 8th of the same Month, Anno Domini, 1685-6.”

RAGLAND CHURCH.

Soon after this visit, the Vault was closed up in such a firm and secure manner, as in all human probability never to be again exposed to public view.

IN THE CHANCEL.

On a tablet of white marble, against the wall, on the right hand side of the window:

"In Memoria Gulielmi Pytt, Armiger, qui defunctus xviii Maii, M,DCC,LXXII, Etatis XXIII."

On the base of the pillars:

"Life how short," — "Eternity how long."

Against the south wall, on a tablet of white marble:

MARGARET PYTT.

Within the Communion rails, in the centre, on two flat stones:

W. P.

1779.

M. P.

The son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pytt, late of this place.

On a flat stone adjoining:

Here lieth the body of Mr. HENRY LEWIS, who departed this life on Friday, the 15th of May, Anno Domini 1724.

Here lieth the body of TREZA LEWIS, the wife of Henry Lewis, gent, deceased the 6th day of October, 1733.

Flat stones, in the body of the Church, record the memories of other families in this parish.

The Living of Ragland is a Vicarage united with Landenny. The Rev. W. Powell, A. M. is the present Incumbent. Patron, the Duke of Beaufort.

FORM OF THE VAULT,

WITH THE ORDER IN WHICH THE FAMILY ARE PLACED.

LAWES WYM AND AVT

EDWARD MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

LADY GRANVILLE.

[Coffin eight feet long, three wide, two feet eight inches deep.]

LORD CHARLES SOMERSET.

LORD JOHN SOMERSET.

PICTURE PLATE TO LEAD.

Recess.

ANCIENT PICTURE.

APERTURE, TWO YARDS TO DESCEND.

W.

RAGLAND CHURCH.

It is not possible, by an appeal to the *Peerage*, to ascertain, with any degree of certainty, whose memories the two figures placed in the Recess of this Cemetery, were intended to perpetuate, having refuted "Collins" in my own person, by an inspection of it, who says the Earl of Worcester, buried at Chepstow, was *here interred*.

The Rev. Mr. Jones (I suppose from his manuscript book), asserted them to be the characters I have stated, and Dr. Griffin ascertained to me the number of years they had, in his opinion, there lain.

The Insignia of the *Order of the Garter*, is perfect and distinguishable round the knee of two of these mutilated fragments in the chancel, but the *character*, which marks the sepulture of the *ancient figure* in the Recess, is, I am induced to believe, from an examination of funeral modes, in the cemetaries of other churches, appendant to ancient baronies, *antecedent* to the period in which these noblemen lived; while the other, shewing only a rude lead covering (the wood which inshrin'd it having probably mouldered away), left no trace to *whom* or what *age* it belonged.

In this research I was most particular; and not satisfied with a *first*, made a *second* visit to the vault. The plates bearing Inscriptions, formed of pieces of copper, about a foot square, lacquered with a *black* ground, and *gilt* letters, were each of them as perfect, and uninjured by time, as the day they were fixed on their respective coffins; and if there had been any *record* of the same nature, attached to either of the figures in the recess, it could not have escaped my observation, aided as it further was by candle-light, and active assistants ardent to gratify my pursuits.

SUCCESSION OF THE BARONY.

As the Earls of Worcester, said to be buried here, lie under splendid altar tombs in St. George's chapel, Windsor, it is probable these now mutilated STATUES were placed in this church, to mark the place from whence this branch of the family received the title of "Lords of Chepstow, Raglan, and Gower."

SUCCESSION OF THE BARONY.

Sir Charles Somerset, Chamberlain to Henry VII. and VIII. Lord Herbert of Chepstow, Rhaglan, and Gower, was February 2, 1513, created Earl of Worcester, died 1526, and buried in the Beaufort Chapel, Windsor.—Married Elizabeth, sole heiress to William Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon. His heir was by this lady, but he afterwards married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Lord De-la-war, by whom he had also two sons.

Henry Somerset, Earl of Worcester, died 1549, buried at Chepstow.—Married Elizabeth, daughter to Sir Anthony Brown, Knight.

William, Earl of Worcester, Knight of the Garter, died 1589, buried at Rhaglan.—Married Christian, daughter to Edward Lord North, of Carthlege.

Edward, fourth Earl of Worcester, Knight of the Garter, died 1627, buried at Rhaglan. (Mr. Jones's MS.)—Married Elizabeth, sole daughter of Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, died 1621, buried at Rhaglan.

Henry, fifth Earl and Marquis of Worcester, died 1640. Created Marquis, Nov. 4, 1642. (18 Chas. I.)—Married Anne, daughter and sole heiress of John Lord Russell, son and heir apparent to the Earl of Bedford.



SUCCESSION OF THE BARONY.

Edward, sixth Earl, second Marquis of Worcester, and Earl of Glamorgan, died 1667, buried at Raglan.—Married Elizabeth, daughter of William Lord Dormer. He afterwards married the daughter of the Earl of Thomond.

Henry, first Duke of Beaufort, died 1699. Created Dec. 2, 1682.—Married Mary, daughter of Lord Capel, widow of Lord Beauchamp.

Henry, second Duke of Beaufort, died 1714.—Married —, daughter and coheiress of the Earl of Gainsborough.

Henry, third Duke of Beaufort, died S. P. 1745-6.—Married Frances, only child of Sir James Scudamore, of Hom Lacy.

Charles Noel Somerset, fourth Duke of Beaufort, died ——. Married Elizabeth, daughter of John Berkley, Esq. of Stoke Gifford, Gloucestershire.

Henry, fifth Duke of Beaufort, died Oct. 11, 1803.—Married Elizabeth, daughter of the late Admiral Boscombe.

Henry Charles, sixth (and present) Duke of Beaufort, born December 24, 1766.—Married, May 16, 1791, Charlotte, daughter of the late Marquis of Stafford, by whom he has issued several children.

DATES OF CREATION.

Summoned to Parliament by Writ, July 26, 1461, (1 Edward IV.) and created Baron Herbert of Ragland, Chepstow, and Gower, Nov. 26, 1506, (20 H. VII.)—Earl of Worcester, Feb. 1, 1513, (5 Henry VIII.)—Marquis, Nov. 4, 1642, (18 Charles I.)—Viscount and Earl of Glamorgan, and Baron Beaufort of Caldicot Castle, in the county of Monmouth, 1645, (21 Charles I.)—And Duke of Beaufort, December 2, 1682, (34 Charles II.)

IMPROVEMENT OF THE CHURCH.

IT is creditable to the best interests of society to witness the attention lately directed to the improvement of this church, by repewing—adding a gallery to enlarge the accommodation of the parishioners—and by apportioning free seats for the industrious and other poor attending public worship ; which, with those of Trellech and Mitchel Troy, form monuments of a well directed zeal for our National Church in this part of the kingdom. What further increases its advantages is, a constant residence of its ministers on their respective Livings, in which Divine Service is performed every Sunday (morning and evening alternately) throughout the year.

RAGLAND NATIONAL SCHOOL.

A School, on Dr. Bell's system, has been established here, for the education of the children of the parish, which is supported by the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants. A commodious house, in the centre of the village, has been fitted up for that purpose, at the expense of the Duke of Beaufort ;—and any donation, from the well-wishers to its interests, will be received by Mrs. Hallen, at the Inn ; or Mr. Jefferies, at the School.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

As the History of Ragland Castle owed its origin to the writer, so does the gratuitous Education of the Poor of this parish owe its blessing to his valued friend and

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

country woman, the late Mrs. Chambers, who formed the first, and, for some time, the only institution of the kind in the county.

In June 1800, on her representation to some of the principal inhabitants, the plan was immediately approved and carried into execution. The parents of children were made acquainted with it, and on the first day it was opened, upwards of twenty children attended, which soon increased to forty, who met every Sunday (morning and evening alternately) in the School-room, two hours before church commenced, from whence they proceeded to attend Divine Service; nor shall I ever erase from my memory the joy of heart she expressed, as I attended with her in walking from the school-room to the church, and the unceasing attention she bestowed in causing them to be instructed—often hearing them repeat their lessons—calling to her aid the further assistance of her daughters, to instruct a portion of them, who afterwards joined in the procession with their honoured parent.

The feeling mind will hear with pleasure the good effect it almost instantaneously produced; for the blossoms of a future generation, instead of being nurtured in ignorance, rambling about and profaning their Maker and his Sabbath, were assembled in his sacred temple hymning the praise of their Creator, and receiving the benefit and instruction of the mild precepts of our holy religion. At the opening of the school, few of the children knew the letters of the alphabet, while in process of time nearly all could join in the service of the church. Had they been her own offspring, she could not have called forth a more ardent zeal for their instruction in the Christian duties.

TO THE IVY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The beautiful WILD TAPESTRY which every where decorates the walls of Ragland Castle, is so perfectly in unison with the sentiments of this most accomplished Writer, that I feel a pleasure in giving them a place in these Collections.

OH ! how could fancy crown with thee,
In ancient days, the God of wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine ?
THY home, wild plant, is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song's full notes once peal'd around,
But now are heard no more !

The Roman, on his battle-plains,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
Entwin'd thee, with exulting strains,
Around the Victor's tent ;
Yet there, though fresh in glossy green,
Triumphantly thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lov'st the silent scene
Around the Victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
The bards and heroes of the past—
Where, through the halls of glory gone,
Murmurs the wintry blast ;
Where years are hastening to efface
Each record of the grand and fair,
Thou, in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb ! art there.

Thou, o'er the shrines of fallen gods,
On classic plains dost mantling spread,
And veil the desolate abodes,
And cities of the dead.

TO THE IVY.

Deserted palaces of kings,
Arches of triumph, long o'erthrown,
And all once glorious earthly things,
At length are thine alone.

Oh ! many a temple, once sublime,
Beneath the blue Italian sky,
Hath nought of beauty left by time,
Save thy wild tapestry ;
And, rear'd midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine
To wave where banners wav'd of yore ;
O'er mouldering towers, by lovely Rhine,
Cresting the rocky shore,

High from the fields of air look down,
Those eyries of a vanish'd race,
Homes of the mighty, whose renown
Hath pass'd and left no trace.
But thou art there—thy foliage bright,
Unchang'd the mountain-storm can brave,
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,
That rise round grandeur's marble halls,
The vivid hues, by painting thrown
Rich o'er the glowing walls ;
The Acanthus, on Corinthian fanes,
In sculptur'd beauty waving fair ;
These perish all—and what remains ?
Thou, thou alone art there !

'Tis still the same—where'er we tread,
The wrecks of human power we see,
The marvels of all ages fled,
Left to Decay and thee !
And still let man his fabrics rear,
Angust in beauty, grace, and strength,
Days pass—Thou Ivy never sear,
And all is thine at length !

COLLECTANEA FOR RAGLAND.

KING CHARLES, MARQUIS OF WORCESTER, AND DOCTOR BAILEY.

THOUGH the *manners* and *features* of a country, in a work of this kind, are more peculiarly interesting to the stranger, I would not so far insult the good sense of the traveller by supposing, that the conversation of such characters as King Charles,* Marquis of Worcester, and Dr. Bailey his chaplain, which took place, in the hour of adversity, on the spot he has just surveyed with so much satisfaction, can be dismissed from his mind with apathy or indifference.

To the anecdotes from the *Apothegms*, which lay the hearts of the King and Marquis so open before us, we

* The first night his Majesty came into Ragland Castle, the King desired to see the great Tower, where his Lordship did use to keep his treasure, his Majesty spake unto Dr. Bailey then standing by, to fetch the keys; he ran down to the Marquis and acquainted him with the King's pleasure, who would needs bring them to the King, and shew him the Tower himself; when the King saw the Marquis bringing the keys himself, he thus spake unto the Marquess, " My Lord, there are some men so unreasonableness, as to make me believe, that your Lordship hath good store of gold yet left within this Tower; but I knowing how I have exhausted you, together with your own occasions, could never have believed it, until now I see you will not trust the keys with any but yourself :"—to which the Marquis made this reply, " Sir, I was so far from giving your Majesty any such occasion of thought by this tender of my duty, that I protest unto you, that I was once resolved that your Majesty should have lain there, but that I was loth to commit your Majesty to the Tower."

COLLECTANEA FOR RAGLAND.

are presented with a further account of a most interesting interview, with the methods taken to effect it by Doctor Bailey, who was himself the means of bringing his Majesty and his Lordship together on the occasion. It may be considered as a beautiful Episode, arising out of the conversation, and written by the Doctor, which shews us, that, after the battle of Naseby, the King retired to Ragland Castle, where he was always sure of meeting with a gracious reception, independent of the pecuniary aid he was further accommodated with by the Marquis. How pathetically does the monarch here represent his distressed situation after that decisive engagement; and with what cheerfulness are his wants relieved by his noble friend !

Many little traits in their respective circumstances are here made known to us—only to be derived from such sources—and we have to lament that the Doctor, when speaking of the DANGER from which he extricated the Marquis, which was the means afterwards of cementing an indissoluble friendship between them, did not descend to the particulars of such a singular event.

No person can be more averse to the extension of these pages, by the introduction of subjects not of general interest to the reader, than myself; but being only to be found in a work, equally scarce as the *Apothege*s before mentioned, it will save the curious visiter some search, if he has not before perused the “Certamen Religiosum,” from whence it has been extracted.

After a little prefatory matter, not of any moment here, the Doctor thus proceeds :—

COLLECTANEA FOR RAGLAND.

THE King being in the Marquess's own house at Ragland, and necessitated to borrow money to buy bread !! after so great a loss at [the battle of] Nazeby [June 16, 1645], the king being thus put to play the after-game with the old marquess, was a little mistrustful that he had not played the fore-game with him so well; as that he had not thereby prejudiced the latter; for though the marquess and his son were the two ablest, and most forwardest shoulderers up of the declining throne, especially the chip of the old block (the Earl of Glamorgan), whose disposition expressed itself most noble in not caring who had loved the king, so that he might but be permitted to love Alexander; whom he affected, not only with the loyal respects of a subject towards his sovereign, but also with such passionate ways of expressions, and laboriousness in all good offices, as are wont to be predominant in those, in whom sympathy is the only ground of their affections; yet there were not wanting some kind of men, who made the averseness of this nobleman's religion, an occasion of improving their own envies, which though it could never loose him the least ground in his master's good opinion of him, yet there were some things which happened, as having relation to this family, which were not altogether pleasing; however, though his majesty came thither, ushered by necessity, yet he came neither unwelcomed nor uninvited, and entertained as if he had been more king, by reason of some late atchievements, rather than otherwise; and though money came from him like drops of blood, yet he was contented that every drop within his body should be let out at his command, so that

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he might perform so meritorious a piece of work, as (he thought the being an instrument of bringing the father of his country, to be son of his church,) would be unto his soul's health.

The marquess having these resolutions within himself, thought to give them breath at the same time, that his majesty should make his motion for a further supply of money, which he daily and hourly expected, but was deceived in his expectations: for the relation already having reached the king's ear, how an accident had made me no less fortunate to his lordship, than in being the means of preserving his lordship's person, and no inconsiderable fortune then in the same venture with him, and how that I preserved both the one and the other in concealing both: for the space that the moon useth to be twice in riding of her circuit (the particulars hereof, here to insert, would tend rather to much arrogance, than any purpose, wherefore I further forfear), until such time as the trust that providence had reposed in me, was crowned with the same hand with such success, as brought the marquess safe to his own house in peace; which I had no sooner brought to pass, but the marquess drew from me a solemn exgagement, "never to leave him so long as we both should live," which I was so careful to observe, "that I never left him in life, nor death, fair weather nor foul, until such time as he led me, and I laid him, under the ground, in Windsor Castle, in the sépulchre of his fathers."

And it was a strange thing, that during the time that I was thus a bond-servant to his lordship, which was for the space of twelve months thrice told, the difference in

FOR RAGLAND.

religion never wrought the least difference in his disposals of trusts of the highest nature upon me ; but his speeches often shewed his heart, and his often lending me his ear, that they were both as much mine as any man's ; of which, it seems, his majesty being informed, I must be the beetle-head that must drive this wedge into the royal stock ;—to be brief, I was engaged in the business—I could neither deny the employment, nor well tell how to go about it, I not knowing the marquess's drift all this while, though the marquess had feared nothing more than what I myself was most afraid of, viz. That I should be made an instrument to let the same horse bleed, whom the king himself had found so free, that he was unwilling to give him the least touch with the spur : howsoever I went about it, and thus began to tell his lordship :

“ My Lord, the thing that I feared is now fallen upon me ; I am made the unwelcome messenger of bad news, the king wants money.” At which word the marquess interrupted me, saying, “ Hold, Sir, that is no news,—go on with your business.” “ My Lord, said I, there is one comfort yet, that as the king is brought low, so are his demands, and, like his army, are come down, from thousands to hundreds ; and from paying the soldiers of his army, to buying bread for himself and his followers ! My Lord, it is the king's own expression, and his desire is but three hundred pounds.” Whereupon my lord made a long pause, before he gave me one word of answer, (I knowing by experience, that in such cases it was best leaving him to himself)—at last he called me nearer to him, and asked me, “ If the king himself had spoken unto me concerning any such business ?” To

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which I answered, "That the king himself had not, but others did in the king's hearing." Whereupon he said, "Might I but speak unto him (but I was never thought worthy to be consulted with, though in matters merely concerning the affairs of my own country,) I would supply his wants, were they never so great, or whatsoever they were." Whereupon I told his lordship, "That if the king knew as much, he might quickly speak with him."—"Then, said the marquess, the way to have him know so much, is to have somebody to tell him of it." I asked his lordship, "If he would give me leave to be the informer?" He told me, "He spake it to the same purpose." I hastened from him, with as much fear of being called back again, as I did towards the king, with a longing desire of giving his majesty so good an account of my so much doubted embassy.

Half going and half running through the gallery, I was stopt in my way by one Lieut.-Colonel Syllard, who told me, that if ever I had a mind to do my lord marquess and the garrison any good, now was the time; for even now, one of the king's ships had run herself on ground, under the town of Chepstow; calling unto me the captain of her (one Captain Hill,) who related unto me, that upon the surrender of Bristol, he was forced to fly into the sanctuary of the king's quarters having formerly revolted from the parliament, (or rather returned to her due obedience,) telling me, moreover, that she was fraught with store of goods and rich commodities, as sugar, tobacco, linen of all sorts, &c. and that the law in such a case, appropriated the king to such a part of her lading, which I better understood then than I can relate unto

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you now, and that she had many fair brass and iron guns in her, with proportionable ammunition, useful for the garrison; and that for a word speaking, I might have all this of the king for the use of the garrison. I (considering that it would be nevertheless the king's, for being converted to such a use, as also the business I was about), made no doubt but that I should easily beg all this for the marquess, in consideration of the great charges his lordship had been at in entertaining his majesty so long; neither was I deceived, for the king granted it willingly.

But as to the matter in hand, I told his majesty (a-part) " That I had moved his lordship in matter of money, but found him a little discouraged, in regard that his majesty having been twice at Ragland, *a month at a time*, and that at neither of those times he ever vouchsafed his lordship so much honor, as once to call him to council, though it was in his own house, and must needs be acknowledged to be one who knew the country, and the constitution of the inhabitants, better than any other man, that was about his majesty, had reason to understand; wherefore I told the king, I thought his lordship lent my motion a deafer ear than he would have done, if his lordship had not been thought so useless a creature; and that I perceived his lordship had a desire to have some conference with his majesty, which being obtained, I believed his majesty's request would be easily granted, and his expectations answered in a higher measure than it may be his majesty did believe." The king said, "With all my heart; and as to the other business, which so much troubles my lord, in troth I have thought it a

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neglect in us heretofore : but the true reason why I did forbear to do so, was, because I thought my lord of Worcester did not desire it, by reason of his *retiredness, unvieldiness of body, and unwillingness of mind to stir abroad*, and therefore I thought it a contentment to him to be let alone."

I told his majesty, " That I did verily believe his majesty was in the right, in both respects, both of his majesty's and his lordship's ; and that if his majesty had called him to council, I do verily believe his lordship would have desired to have been excused, but yet he did expect he should have been called." Whereupon the king said, " I pray tell my lord of Worcester, that I did not forbear that respect unto him out of any disestimation I had, either of his wisdom or loyalty, but out of some reasons I had to myself, which indeed reflected as much upon my lord as they did on me. For had he used to have come to the council board, it would have been said, that I took no other council but what was conveyed unto me by Jesuites, by his lordship's means, and I pray tell him that was the true cause." I told his majesty, " That I would, and that I thought it an easy matter to cause him to believe no less ;" but withal I intimated to his majesty, " That I knew the marquess had an earnest desire to have some private conference with his majesty this night, which if granted, it might conduce very much to his majesty's behoof." The king said, " How can that be ?" I told his majesty, " That my lord had contrived it before his coming to the castle, and told his majesty of the privacy of the conveyance, and that therefore his lordship had appointed that for his bedchamber, and *not in the Great*

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Tower, which was the room he most esteemed of all in the Castle." Hereat his majesty smiled, and said, " I know my lord's drift well enough ; either he means to chide me, or else to convert me to his religion."

Whereupon I told his majesty, " I doubted not but that his majesty was temptation proof, as well as he was correction free ; and that he might return the same man he went, having made a profitable exchange of gold and silver for words and sleep." At which the king suddenly replied, "*I never received any of the marquess's gold but it was all weight*, and I would have my words to be so with him ; which cannot be, because I have no time to weigh the matter, much less the words, that I shall speak concerning it. I must expect to find my lord very well prepared, and all the force, that is in argument, against me. Had I been aware of it, or could stay, I would have taken some day's labour, to have been as hard for my lord as I could, and not to have given him such an extemporary meeting, as both of us must be feign to steal from sleep." " Sir," said I, " I am employed by you both, and must do your majesty's service as I may. This way I can, otherwise I know not. I do not think his lordship expects disputation, but audience. What he hath to say, I know not ; neither did I know that he had any such intention, until the time that I moved his lordship in your majesty's behalf." " Well," said the king, " my lord's desires are granted ; and if he have any such intention, I hope to let him know, that I will not be of a Religion I am not able to defend against any man ; and let me hear from you concerning the time and place."

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So I departed his presence, giving this pleasing account unto the marquess, who transported with joy, commanded me to haste unto the king, and tell him, that at eleven of the clock that night he would not fail to attend his majesty in such a place, whither he had given me direction to light his majesty, which place of meeting was known by the name of my lord privy-seal's chamber, who was father to this marquess, and died in it; wherefore this marquess would never suffer any man to lie in it afterwards, or scarce any body so much as to come into it, which was the reason why this chamber, at this time, was so conveniently empty, when all the rooms in the castle were more than full. And withal his lordship instructed me to attend near upon the time; in the with-drawing room, which was next unto his lordship's bed-chamber, and to clear the parlour and the with-drawing room, if any company should chance to sit up so long, which was usual at that time, through both which rooms my lord of Worcester was to pass, unto the place appointed; where, when I had once brought him, I should leave him, and wait for the king's coming forth, giving me the key of his bed-chamber, wherewith he used always to lock himself in, and never to his last would suffer any man to lie in the same chamber with him, which happened well for the private managery of the business. And that in the interim, he would lie down upon the bed, and see if he could take a nap. I promised his lordship that I would be punctual in my endeavours; only I made this objection unto his lordship, that it might be, that it might prove, more than I could perform at such a precise time as we were necessitated unto, if they

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should be either unwilling, or think it strange, to be hurried away all upon a sudden ; and besides, so doing would draw suspicion with it, and may set watchmen over the event of our affairs. Whereat the marquess hastily made answer, “ I will tell you what you shall do, so that you shall not need to fear any such thing ; go unto the yeoman of the wine cellar, and bid him leave the keys of the wine cellar with you, and all that you find in your way, invite them down into the cellar, and shew them the keys, and I warrant you, you shall sweep the room of them if there were a hundred. And when you have done, leave them there.” I thought that objection sufficiently salved, so took my leave, disposing myself to a removal of all the blocks that might be cast in our way. I found not any.

The time drawing near that the dominical letter was to dispute with the golden number, I opened the marquess’s door so softly, (fearing to awake the two young gentlemen which waited upon my lord, and were in bed and asleep in the next room, through which we were to pass, and were resolved to put it to a venture, whether we could do so or no, but we past and repast without any their taking the least notice of us,) that the marquess himself did not hear me. When I came to him I found him asleep, whom I so awakened by degrees, that he would needs persuade me that he had not slept at all. Yet telling him how the time was come wherein he was to meet the king. In amazement and a kind of horror, he asked me, “ What time ? and what king ? ” At first I thought it so strange to him, because he was as yet but a stranger to himself, as not being thoroughly awakened ; *

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but when I saw his fears begin to increase, by how much the more he came to himself, and to lay stronger and stronger hold upon him, expressing a great deal of unwillingness to that which he formerly so much desired, and with such a kind of reluctance, as might very well spread an appearance of some remorse. I myself began to be afraid of being made an instrument in a design that carried with it such a conflict within the bosom of the actor, until my second thoughts banished my first apprehension, and seconded my confidence of his lordship's innocence, being confirmed by the following expression of his, "God bless us all : what if we should be discovered ? what construction would they make of our doings ? what advantage would they be ready to take of such constructions ? what if this harmless and innocent design of mine should be thought a conspiracy, such a one as Gowries ? then they will take an occasion to plunder me of all that I have: I protest I never thought of this, I wish I never had attempted any such thing." Whereupon I told his lordship, that it was now too late to entertain any such fears, neither was there any ground for any such jealousy. Whereat the marquess replied, "Fie, fie, I would to God that I had let it alone."

I perceiving this tergiversation to proceed out of an awfulness which his loyal heart ever carried with it towards his sacred majesty, which might very well raise doubts of a high nature, thus spake unto his lordship :—My lord, you know your own heart best ; if there be nothing in your intentions but what is good and justifiable, you need not fear ; if otherwise, it is never too late to repent. At which words the marquess

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seemed to be much troubled, saying, " Ah, Doctor, I thought I had been sure of one friend, and that you would never have harboured the least suspicion of me : God knows my heart, I have no other intention towards his majesty, than to make him a glorious man here, and a glorified saint hereafter." Then said I, My lord, shake off these fears, together with the drowsiness that begat them—*Honi soit qui mal y pense.* O, said my lord, but I am not of that order ; but, I thank God, I wear that motto about my heart to as much purpose as they who wear it about their arms ; and began to be a little pleasant, and took a pipe of tobacco, and a little glass full of *AQUA MIRABILIS*, and said, Come now, let us go, in the name of God, crossing himself. I had no sooner brought my lord to the door of the meeting chamber, but the clock struck eleven, whereupon I presently left my lord in the portal, where he would needs be until such time as the king were entered the room, and should send for him in, and went to the place where I was to expect the king, according to the intimation, which I had formerly given his majesty.

I had not been long there before his majesty came forth, saying unto me softly, " I have escaped one danger—none within my chamber knows of my coming abroad this night." To which I answered, " I hope there is nothing in the exploit so dangerous as to deserve such a word." To which his majesty made answer, as I waited upon his majesty, " Misprisons, evil constructions, and false judgments, are dangers worth escaping at any time ; and therefore where I run a hazard, I always escape a danger. They who carry

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only their own eyes in their head, and have no other upon them, may go which way they please, but he that hath all the people's eyes upon him, must look which way he goes,"—(by this time his majesty was come into the chamber, who continuing on his saying, spake further,) "neither is it sufficient for him to lead theirs, according to the perspicuity and quickness of his own; but he must allow them the abatements, which either the distance of the object, the indisposition of the organ, or the misdisposition of some bad mediums may require in vulgar spirits, by reason of their incapacity of looking farther than appearance." I answered the king, May it please your most excellent majesty, to give me leave to speak, under the highest correction, I conceive these to be singular good caveats and antidotes against real evit, but not against appearances:—desiring his majesty to pardon me further, in regard that I had left my lord marquess in the dark. O, said the king, you should have spoke sooner—bring him in. I left his majesty, and brought in the marquess, who coming in leaning upon my arm (as he used to do), merrily began the discourse.

Marquess.—Sir, I hope if they catch us in the act, it will not be deemed in me an act of so high conspiracy, in regard that I enter the Lists leaning upon a Doctor of your own Church. [Meaning Dr. Bailey.]

King.—My lord, I know not whether I should have a better opinion of your lordship for the doctor's sake, or a worse opinion of the doctor for your lordship's sake; for though you lean much upon his arm, yet he

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may lean more upon your judgment. I shall be brief in what follows :

After the marquess's most honourable repetition of the cause of his attachment to Dr. Bailey, with his wishes for the king to turn to the Church of Rome, and thereby relieve his Catholic subjects from the unpleasant situation they were then in, from their supposed attachment to his person, evidently shewn by their subscriptions for the alleviation of his necessities, he proceeds directly to ask his majesty, Sir, I pray tell me what is it that you want? At which the king, smiling, said, My lord, I want an army, can you help me to one? Yes, replies the marquess, that I can, and to such a one as should your majesty commit yourself to their fidelity, you should be a conqueror, fight as often as you please.

King.—My lord, such an army would do the business, I pray let me have it.

Mar.—What if your majesty would not confide in it when it was presented unto you?

King.—My lord, I would feign see it, and as feign confide in that of which I had reason to be confident.

Then, said the marquess, take Gideon's three hundred men, and let the rest begone.

King.—Your lordship speaks a little mystically, will it please you to be plain a little?

Mar.—Come, I see I must come nearer to you. Sir, it is thus; God expected a work to be done by your hands, but you have not answered his expectation, nor his mercy towards you:—when your enemies had more

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cities and garrisons, than you had private families to take your part; when they had more cannon than you had muskets; when the people crowded to heap treasures against you, whilst your majesty's friends were feign here and there to make a gathering for you; when they had navies at sea, whilst your majesty had not so much as a boat upon the river; whilst the odds in number against you was like a full crop against a gleaner; then God wrought a miracle, in making your gleaner bigger than their vintage; he put the power into your hand, and made you able to declare yourself a true man to God, and grateful to your friends; but, like the man whom the prophet makes mention of, who bestowed great cost and pains upon his vineyard, and at last it brought forth nothing but wild grapes; so when God had done all these things for you, and expected that you should have given the church some respite from her oppressions, I heard say you made vows, that if God blessed you but that day with victory [Naseby fight,] you would not leave a Catholic in your army; for which I fear the Lord is so angry with you, that I am afraid he will not give you another day wherein you may so much as try your fortune.

Your majesty had forgot the monies which came unto you from unknown hands, and were brought unto you by unknown faces, when you promised you would never forsake your unknown friends; you have forgotten the miraculous blessings of the Almighty upon those beginnings, and now have you discountenanced, distrusted, disregarded, aye, and disgraced the Catholics all along, and at last vowed an extirpation of them. Doth not

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your majesty see clearly, how that in the two great battles, the North and Naseby, God shewed signs of his displeasure, when in the first your enemies were even at your mercy, confusion fell upon you, and you lost the day, like a man that should so wound his enemy that he could scarce stand, and afterwards his own sword should fly out of the hilt, and leave the strong and skilful to the mercy of his falling enemies ;—and in the second (and I fear me last battle you'll fight), whilst your men were crying VICTORY ! as I hear they had reason so to do, your sword broke in the air, which made you a fugitive to your flying enemies.”

After the marquess had craved pardon of the king *for this freedom of speech*, and his majesty, in reply, had denied the remembrance of his vows against the Catholics, the conversation turned immediately to the *difference in opinion between Protestant and Papist*, which continued (but without any further interest to this work), till a late hour; when the king growing fatigued and sleepy, requested the marquess to commit his further sentiments to paper, to be delivered to him by Dr. Bailey, which was assented to by the marquess, on condition that his majesty would not, by an after publication, suffer his opinions to be acted upon against him, the conversation ended.

Whereupon, says Dr. Bailey, the marquess called upon me to help him, so that he might kneel; and being upon his knees, he desired to kiss his majesty's hand;—adding, Sir, I have not a thought in my heart that tends not to the service of my God and You! Hereupon he

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fell a weeping, bidding me to light his majesty to his chamber.

Thus they both parted, and as I was lighting the king to his chamber, his majesty told me, “*that he did not think to have found the old man so ready at it*, and that he was a long time in putting on his armour, yet it was hardly proof.”

Dr. Bailey observes, that the king was not only constant and resolute in his religion, but, as the case then stood with him, resisted a very strong temptation; for at that time the king was low, and wanted help; poor, and wanted mopey; and no man in the kingdom was then likelier to help to both than the marquis, who was considered as *the most monied man in the nation*, and who, to the utmost of his power, never denied him either; and would, at this time, willingly have parted with all, if his majesty could have been guilty but of so much dissimulation, as not to have left the marquis altogether in despair of ever accomplishing his design upon him.

It was requested by the king (as he became tired and sleepy towards the end of the controversy,) that the marquess would “commit his sentiments to paper; to be “delivered to him at a more convenient period;”—Dr. Bailey makes the following observations at the conclusion of the conference:

“This paper was finished and delivered unto his “majesty’s hands at a very unfit time, either for perusal “or answer, being at the time when Bristol was delivered

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" up unto the Parliament, and the *Court* in great distraction : the king being in a study rather to know which way to goe, than how to answer papers. Yet his majesty vouchsafed to run over the leaves, rather than the lines, with his eyes; and finding the paper of some length, and full of quotations, his majesty said, To answer this paper requires a great deal of that which I want, and that is time : besides, I perceive, that to make due inquiry into these particulars, it will require a great deal of search, which if leisure would give leave, I believe industry might find a great deal of foul play and mis-quotations. Oxford woudl have been a fitter place for me than Ragland Castle to have entertained such an encounter : where the same place that is my Souldiers's Quarters, is his Jesuites Colledge ! Yet I pray tell him, I return his paper to him againe, and shall take another time to answer it, when opportunity shall give me leave. To-morrow I shall ease his lordship of a heavy burthen, and this day will be time little enough for us to consider what course we are to take ! I prayed God to bless his majesty in all his wayes, and to direct him in all his consultations."

Some opinions were afterwards exchanged between the King and Dr. Bailey, on an assertion made by Luther, but the Doctor concludes his book with the remark, "that during the conversation some of the lords came in, and I took my leave of his majesty."

Prince Rupert accompanied the Royalist party to Hereford (after the battle of Naseby), where the King and Prince took leave of each other ; his Majesty repairing

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to Ragland Castle, where, Dr. Bailey informs us, "the King staid a month at a time," and his Highness for Bristol, to take the command of that garrison. On the 23d of August the city was besieged by Cromwell and Fairfax: and though the Prince had publicly avowed, "that he would hold out to the last extremity," it was surrendered to the parliamentary army, with very feeble resistance, on the 10th of September following. At Ragland his Majesty was made acquainted with this important defeat, who was so much exasperated at the conduct of the Prince, that he dismissed him from any further command of the forces, and subsequently compelled him to leave his dominions.

It was from this circumstance that we are made acquainted with the cause of the King's agitation of mind, when the Paper was delivered into his hands by the Doctor; and the further remark, that "Oxford was a fitter place than Ragland Castle for the discussion of such a subject."

We, who live in after ages, can form some opinion of a monarch's situation at this eventful period, from the following anecdote, related in the biography of the Swift family :

The Rev. Thomas Swift, Vicar of Goodrich, Herefordshire, possessed an estate in that parish, worth about an hundred pounds a year. This little property he mortgaged for three hundred *Broad Pieces*; and having them quilted into his waistcoat, he set out for Ragland Castle, whither King Charles the First had retired after the battle of Naseby. The Governor, *who well knew him*, asked what was his errand? "I am come," said Swift, "to

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give his Majesty my coat ;" at the same time pulling it off, and presenting it. The Governor told him pleasantly, that his coat was worth little,—“ Why then,” said Swift, “ take my waistcoat.” This was soon found to be an useful garment by its weight ; and it is remarked by my Lord Clarendon, that the King received no supply more seasonable or acceptable than these three hundred Broad Pieces* during the whole war, his distresses being very great, and his resources cut off.

This distinguished divine dying before the Restoration, his family underwent the severest privations, being driven through poverty from their native country, and forced to seek protection in the sister kingdom !

DOCTOR THOMAS BAILEY,

Author of the “*Certamen Religiosum*,” from which work so much has been quoted for the interest of these pages, *Chaplain to the Earl of Worcester*, was sub-dean of Wells, and son of Dr. Lewis Bailey, once Bishop of Bangor, whose acquaintance with his Lordship originated in the following circumstance. Meeting accidentally with the Earl, at the beginning of the war, he acquainted him with the near approach of some Parliament forces, by which notice he escaped the present danger, and had so great an affection to the Doctor for it, that he took him with him to Ragland Castle, his chief place of residence, where he continued till the King’s coming thither, and remained with his Lordship till the hour of his death.

* Broad Pieces were gold coins of the reign of James I. and current for twenty-five shillings. The sum thus presented amounted to three hundred and seventy-five pounds.

ITER CAROLUM,
BEING A JOURNAL OF THE MARCHES OF HIS MAJESTY
KING CHARLES I. THROUGH MONMOUTHSHIRE
AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.

From the Second Volume of the "Collectanea Curiosa."

ANNO XXI. REGIS CAROLI.

LIST OF HIS MAJESTY'S SEVERAL MARCHES,

Beginning June 1645.

Nights. Miles.

Sunday, the 15.—From Ashby de la Zouch to Litch-		
field, the Governor's in the Close	1	12
Monday, the 16th,—To Wolverhampton, Mrs. Barns-		
ford's, a widow	1	19
Tuesday, the 17th,—To Bewdley (Worcestershire), the		
Angel	2	13
Thursday, the 18th,—To Bramyard, dinner; to Harry-		
ford (Hereford), supper	12	24

JULY 1645.

Tuesday, the 1st,—To Campson, dinner, Mr. Pritchard's;		
to Abergavenny, supper, Mr. Guncer's [Gunter]	3	15
Thursday, the 3d,—To Ragland, supper, the Marquiss		
of Worcester's	12	7
Wednesday, the 16th,—To Tredegar, dinner; Cardiff,		
supper, Sir T. Tirrell's, defrayed at the County's		
charge.....	1	20
Thursday, the 17th,—To Tredegar, Sir William Mor-		
gan's to bed	1	8

MARCHES OF KING CHARLES I.

	Nights.	Miles.
Friday, the 18th,—To Ragland, dinner, &c. — On Tuesday, the 22d. to Mr. Moore's of the Creek, near Black Rock, and came back to Ragland, supper, but came in so late as made us doubtful of his Majesty's return; the Scots approach, and our own causeless apprehension of fear, made us both demur and doubt, on the first what to resolve, and in the latter how to steer our resolutions, which involved us in a most disastrous condition, &c.	6	12
Thursday, the 24th,—From Ragland, to Mr. Moore's of the Creek, to pass over all the Black Rock for Bristol; but His MAJESTY SITTING IN COUNCIL, and advising to the contrary, marched only with his servants and troops that night to Newport on Uske; lay at Mr. Pritty's	1	21
Friday, the 25th,—To Rupperra, Sir Philip Morgan's	4	5
Tuesday, the 29th,—To Cardiff, dinner, the Governor's, at our own charge	7	7

AUGUST 1645.

Tuesday, the 6th,—To Ghancayah, Mr. Pritchard's, dinner; at Brecknock, the Governor, supper	1	29
Wednesday, the 6th,—To Gurnevit, Sir Hen. Williams's, dinner; to Old Radnor, supper, a yeoman's house, the Court dispersed	1	18
Thursday, the 7th,—To Ludlow Castle, no dinner, Col. Wodehouse	1	14

Second List of His Majesty's Marches from Oxford, on Saturday, the 30th of August, 1645.

Saturday, the 30th,—To Moreton in the Marsh, White Hart	1	24
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MARCHES OF KING CHARLES I.

	Nights.	Miles.
Sunday, the 1st.—No dinner; supper at Worcester, a cruel day.		3 24
SEPTEMBER 1645.		
Wednesday, the 3d.—Bramyard, Mrs. Baynham's	1	10
Thursday, the 4th.—To Hereford, dinner, Bishop's Palace	1	10
Friday, the 5th.—To Lempster, dinner, at the Unicorn; to Webley, supper, the Unicorn	1	14
Saturday, the 6th.—To Hereford, dinner, Bishop's Palace	1	7
Sunday, the 7th.—To Ragland Castle, supper, 17;		
Monday, the 8th, to Abergavenny, dinner; Ragland, sup- per, 14; Thursday, the 11th, to Ragland, supper;		
Abergavenny, dinner, 14	7	45
Monday, the 14th.—To Monmouth, dinner, the Gover- nors; to Hereford, supper; Monday, the 14th, we marched half way to Bramyard, but there was LEO IN ITINERE, and so back to Hereford again	3	10
Wednesday, the 18th.—The rendezvous was at Arthur- stone, there dined, 10 miles; to Ham Lacy, supper, Lord Scudamore's	1	26
Thursday, the 19.—To a rendezvous, 5 miles from Ham Lacy, with intentions for Worcester, Poins and Ro- chester in the Passage, whereupon we marched towards Hereford, so to Leominster, then to Webley, thence to Prestine, there halted at Mr. Andrew's; this march lasted from 6 in the morning, till midnight, &c.	1	28

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JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL ARMY

THROUGH SOME PART OF THE COUNTIES OF MONMOUTH
AND HEREFORD, HIS MAJESTY KING CHARLES I.
BEING PERSONALLY PRESENT.

From "Symons's Notes of Churches and Castles."

THIS Thursday, September 4th, 1645, came news that the Scots horse was returned out of the North, and came back towards Worcester.

The King knighted the leist: governor of Hereford, Sir Nich: Throckmorton; Sir Wm. Layton, the leist: col. of the King's life guards of foot.

Friday.—The King went to Lemster, com: Herf: and lay that night at Webley. His guards returned to their old quarters.

Saturday.—The King determined to goe to Abergeny, but it was altered, the guards to Letton. His Majestie to Hereford.

Sunday to Ragland, guards to Treargaire [near Ragland,] &c.

* The Author of these Notes (copied from the Harleian MSS. Brit. Mus.) Richard Symons, was of Black Notley, Essex, gente. born at Oakhampton, who was in the King's Army, during the Civil War, writing memoirs of battles, actions, motions and promotions of officers, from time to time, in small pocket books, and taking Church Notes,* in the several counties he passed through till January 1, 1648, when he went to Paris, Rome, and Venice, where he staid, till his return to England in 1652, always continuing his memoirs. Eight or ten of these books are in the Harleian Library; two were in Dr. Mead's, and two or three are in the Herald's Office, where is the pedigree of his family, With his picture, probably in red wax, from a seal engraved, by T. Symons, his namesake, but no relation. The arms and most of the monuments are rudely drawn with a pen; but those that survived the havoc of the times evidence the care with which they were taken.

[* He gives an interesting account of the Monuments in Abergavenny Church.—CHARLES HEATH.]

JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL ARMY.

Thursday, Sept. 11, the King attended with his guards went to Aburgavenny, and returned at night to Ragland, his business was to committ 5 cheife hinderers of that county from releaving Hereford. He that day committed Sir Trevor Williams, but he was bayled. Mr. Morgan, of T., Mr. Herbert, of Colbrooke, Mr. Baker, and Mr. _____. During the time of the King's being at Ragland, when he first came he sent Sir Marmaduke Langdale, with his horse to Cardiff, with Lord Astley, and 100 foot out of Monmouth, —— foot out of Ragland, Chepstow, &c. to parley with the Glamorganshire peace army who were agane reson. Both armyes mett 8 myle of Cardiff, in Glamorganshire. The peace army seeing Lord Astleye's resolved to fight, though not considerable in number, agreed to lay downe their armes, and provide 1000 men and armes, with money for the King, &c. The next day or two after, they sent their ammunition and armes by —— loaded in Pembrokeshire. Then these rouges hearing of the loss of Bristoll, joyned with the Pembrokeshire forces. Sir Marmaduke Langdale marched toward Brecknock.

Friday, Sept. 12th, in the afternoon, his Majestie attended with his guards left Ragland, and marched some miles towards Hereford, but returned, the guards to Abergavenny. Saturday the King rested at Ragland.

Sunday, 14, about noone his Majestie left Ragland, and marched to Monmouth. Thence that night to Hereford.

Some matches of the Herberts in Monmouth church—two churches in Monmouth.

Munday, 15th Sept.: His Majestie in the morning attended by his guards, marched some miles towards Bromyat, but by reason Gerard's horse had not orders soone enough to appear at the rendesvouz, &c. His Majestie returned to Hereford, accompanied by Prince Maurice, &c. His Majestie read a copy of a letter from Montrose, of his victory in Scotland.

CHARLES I. AND MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

The following *Apothegm* (which has reference to the preceding page), while it discloses the unreserved manner in which the Marquis delivered his sentiments, will throw some light on this transaction :

" At the King's being at Ragland, there were some information given of some Gentlemen of the County, who were supposed to have done his Majesty many ill offices, by withdrawing the hearts of the people from his Majesty : these men thus accused, were ordered to be laid hold of, and it was executed accordingly, and they being brought before his Majesty, it was moved by some, that they should be forthwith tried by a Commission of oyer and terminer, others advised his Majesty they should be sent to Hereford, and there kept in safe custody, until further consultation might be had concerning them; they excusing themselves as well as they could, one of them protesting his innocence with tears in his eyes; the King ordered that he should be released, being always prone to lean to pity rather than justice, and to favourable rather than rigid construction.

" The King coming back from Abergavenny, where this was put in execution, told the Marquess what he had done; and that when he saw them speak so honestly, he could not but give some credit to their words, so seconded by tears, and withal told the Marquess that he had onely sent them to prison, whereupon the Marquess said, what to do? to poyson that Garrison? Sir, you should have done well to have heard their accusations, and then to have shewed what mercy you pleased." The King told him, that he heard they were accused by some contrary faction, as to themselves, who out of distast they bore to one another upon old grudges, would be apt to charge them more home than the nature of their offences had deserved; to whom the Marquess made this return, ' Well Sir, you may chance to gain you the kingdom of heaven by such doings as these, but if ever you get the kingdom of England, by such ways, I will be your bondman.'

*

COLLECTANEA.

It is only from such Records as the *Apothegmata*, and the *Certamen Religiosum*, that any just idea can now be formed of the person of the Marquis of Worcester, or his habits of life.

Dr. Bailey describes his Lordship as a man of large size, by the expression, “*great unwieldiness of body*,”—and, whether proceeding from age or infirmity, when he kneeled to kiss the King’s hand (at the end of the conference), he desired assistance “to raise him on his feet.”—In habits of life, he is depicted, “*with a disposition for retiredness*,” united with “*unwillingness of mind to stir abroad*.”

It would seem, that he was fond of the *fragrant weed*, —for, before the interview with his Majesty, he called for a “*Pipe of Tobaceo*,” and a “*Glass of Aqua mirabilis*,”—but if this *wonderful Water* was composed from a receipt in “*Mrs. Smith’s Housekeeper’s Instructor, 1742*,” it would rival the lady’s, in the novel of *Tor Hill*, in its heterogeneous ingredients.

In the Beaufort Chapel, Windsor, is the following Inscription, to the Memory of the Marquis :

This chapel (belonging to his ancestors) wherein lie buried not only the bodies of those whose tombs are erected, but likewise that of Henry, late Marquis of Worcester, his grandfather, (so eminent for the great supplies of men and money afforded to his Sovereign King Charles the martyr, whose cause he espoused), and for keeping his castle of Ragland (with a strong garrison at his own expense, until it became the last hut one in England and Wales that held out against the rebels, and then not yielding it until after a long siege, to the Lord Fairfax, generalissimo of the Parliament forces; in revenge of which obstinacy, as they termed it, it was demolished; and all his woods and parks (which were vast) cut down and destroyed, and his estate sold by order of the then rebellious Parliament, to the great damage of himself and his posterity.)

COLLECTANEA.

In collecting the historic remains of this portion of the district, the extension of my pages arises principally from the unceasing kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, during a period of thirty-nine years, who received me, at all times, with the purest brotherly affection, and in whose society some of my happiest hours were passed,—very dear to my recollection,—often turning to the contrast these Ruins presented when we first knew them, to what they *now* exhibit under the cultivated hand of taste,—which they attributed to the extensive circulation of this work in making the improvements in and around the Castle more generally known; where, from a single foot-path, impassable for females in wet or damp weather, we often witnessed its courts filled with rank and fashion, either seated round the *festive table*, under the protecting shade of the luxuriant *Ivy*, in the quadrangle where stood the Fountain Horse, or other places alike calculated for social purposes, or contemplating these ‘*ruin'd ruins*,’ with dresses waving in the wanton wind,—nor is it less deserving notice the cheering sight of fifty couple, composed of the ‘wives, children, sweethearts, and friends, of the “Waterloo Lodge of Independent Odd Fellows,” on an annual excursion to this favourite spot,—joining in the mazy dance, whose native charms (for loveliness and beauty), might vie with any part of the United Kingdom.

* * * *The present residents at the Castle are Mr. and Mrs. Pricket. Every attention is shewn by them to the visitors of Ragland, who will justly appreciate the neatness which pervades every part of the interior.*

RAGLAND CRICKET CLUB.

From the central situation of this parish, with the fine turnpike roads which lead to it in every direction, united with the excellent Inn and Posting House, kept by Mrs. Hallen, a Club has been established, composed of the most opulent characters in the surrounding district, governed by certain rules and regulations, who meet every Thursday fortnight, during the summer season, to enjoy this manly and athletic exercise.

The ground is a large field, a short distance from the Village—a marquee is erected, for the purpose of dispensing refreshments during the game, after which they assemble at the house, to enjoy the comforts of a good dinner, and where the remainder of the evening is passed in social pleasure.

To commercial gentlemen this Inn affords great advantages, it being the midway between Monmouth and Abergavenny, and all the other towns in the lower part of the shire.

The Excursionist, who would wish to enjoy the quiet of rural life, with the advantage of town residence, will find it at this House, being the *Post Office*, where Letters are received and delivered by the London and Welsh Mails and South of Ireland, at noon, regularly every day.—Changes horses at the door of the Inn.

Ragland is distant 10 miles from Abergavenny,—16 from Crickhowel, and 27 from Brecon.—5 from Usk,—12 from Caerleon,—and 16 from Newport.—12 from Chepstow,—and 15 from each of the Passages.

THE ROAD FROM
RAGLAND TO ABERGAVENNY,
A BEAUTIFUL DRIVE OF TEN MILES.

ON Leaving *Dear Ragland*, as an accomplished female, expressed her *Adieu*, in stepping into her barouche, after employing her pencil a day at the Castle, we pass through a pleasant inclosed and cultivated district for two miles, when we enter the parish of Bryngwyn, where we shall pause; to describe one of the finest Oak Trees fallen in Monmouthshire, which grew on an estate here, belonging to William Morgan, Esq. purchased of him in 1791, by Mr. William Hale, of Monmouth, for the sum of Forty Guineas, who favoured me with the account.

WHEN CONVERTED.

	FEET.
But Piece, thirty-one feet long, when sided to upper piece of stem.....	330
From the two Slabs, 86½ feet of three inch plank.....	216
One Branch, 29 feet long, siding 17 inches	58
One ditto; 24 by 19	60
One ditto; 19 by 17	36
Thirteen sided Knees	317
	<hr/>
	919

IN THE SQUARE STATE.

One Piece, grown from the side, about twelve feet from the ground; squared in nine pieces	106
One Piece, damaged by falling	52
Twenty-three Ends of Crooks, from different branches, not less than six inches in girth	118
Total, 1195 Feet—or Twenty-nine Tons 35 Feet.	

ROAD TO ABERGAVENNY.

LOSS THE BARK, 111

Weighed Three Tons, Seventen Hundred and a Half.

CORD-WOOD.

Thirty-one Cords and Three Quarters.

COOPER'S TIMBER, FROM SLABS, &c.

Eighty-four hogshead staves, sixty-seven barrel ditto, one hundred and six kilderkin ditto, two hundred and fifty-six cooper's ends; twenty-eight hogshead heads; thirty-eight barrel ditto; and forty-nine kilderkin ditto.

To bring the But Piece and part of the Branches from Bryngwyn to Monmouth, employed, on the first day only, a six-wheel carriage and four four-wheel carriages, with thirty-eight horses to draw them ten miles, viz.

Boysler and Wyat	12
Mr. Morgan, Bailey Pit	10
Mr. Thomas Williams, Dry Bridge	10
Mr. Tippins, Amberley	6
TOTAL.....	38

Mr. Hale observed, when he gave me the manuscript, that the tree was in a growing state; and, at the price timber and bark were then selling, would be worth 200 guineas.

It was further remarked to me, by an intelligent friend, that timber increased in size more rapidly in this county than in any other part of the kingdom—and the large sales which annually take place in it, fully confirm his assertion.

From the union of roads, the village inn is called Groes Bychan, or Fechan, (the Little Cross) being the junction of a lesser road with a greater; but I am more induced to notice it from the circumstance, that when I came to Monmouth, and, for some years after, the Arms of Sir John Morley, Knt, (Sable, a Lion Rampant, crowned or),

ROAD TO ABERGAVENNIA

Lord of Ragland Castle, were affixed over the door, evidently confirming the marriage of his House with the family seated at Llansteford and Rockfield, as mentioned in their pedigree.

On reaching Clytha Cottage, a short distance from hence, the country begins to disclose the luxuriant vales and hilly terminations, so much the pride and ornament of Monmouthshire. About a mile to the right of this part of the turnpike road, stands

LANARTH COURT,

(Welsh, "the Church on the rising ground"—or, "the Church dedicated to Saint Arth, or Artha"—a British Saint.)

Now the residence of Mrs. Jones, one of the most elegant mansions in the county. The house, which occupies a pleasing situation in the vale, is fitted up in a style of elegance compatible with the fortune of its worthy owner; with the accommodations of library, green-house, gardens, and appendages to property, while in front an extensive lake winds its mazy course through the finest demesne lands.

Returning again to the road.—Descending the hill at Clytha Cottage, we come in view of an elegant edifice, erected on the scite of

CLYTHA HOUSE,

The residence of the late Wm. Jones, Esq. uncle to the late J. Jones, Esq. Lanarth Court, which ranks among the first seats in Monmouthshire. The gardens are of great extent, laid out in fine taste, whose walls are richly cloathed with the choicest fruit trees, which owed their origin to the decorative hand of their former very liberal and accomplished possessor.

ROAD TO ABERGAVENNY.

At the distance of about half a mile from the house, from which it is separated by the turnpike road, a spacious field, adorned with plantations, the most umbrageous walks, in serpentine form, conduct to a building, called

CLYTHA CASTLE,

Which, in point of situation, and tasteful ornaments of the interior, may be deemed a species of "Fairy Region," and reflects the highest credit on the gentleman whose fortune gave it existence. The building occupies a gentle rise, and is built on a Gothic model, with circular towers at the north-west and south-west angles, the principal front extending nearly an hundred feet in length. In the centre is placed a neat marble tablet, which announces the domestic affliction that induced Mr. Jones to the undertaking:

"This building was erected in the year 1788, by William Jones, of Clytha House, Esq. Fourth Son of John Jones, of Lanarth Court, Monmouthshire, Esq. and Husband to Elizabeth, the last surviving Child of Sir William Morgan, of Tredegar, K. B. and grand-daughter of the most noble William, Second Duke of Devonshire. It was undertaken for the purpose of relieving a Mind sincerely afflicted, by the loss of a most excellent Wife, whose remains were deposited in Lanarth Church Yard, A. D. 1787, and to the Memory of whose Virtues this Tablet is dedicated."

By the death of William Jones, Esq. (nephew to John Jones, Esq. of Lanarth Court) his fine estates have become the property of William Jones, Esq. his nephew's youngest son. No part of the kingdom could exceed this spot for the beauty and variety of the prospect which it commanded;

ROAD TO ABERGAVENNY.

but the six trees planted around have grown to such a towering height, as totally to obstruct the view of the Castle from the road, and with it the diversified objects which spread themselves before its once enchanting terrace. We shall detail them under *Hill Grove*, an adjoining residence.

PANT-Y-GOITRE.

A handsome brick house, adds another ornament to this delightful part of the county, being happily placed within a fine section of the river Usk, which, with its ornamented grounds, and tasteful appendages, render it little inferior to the mansions before noticed.

Lanarth Church, to which parish Clytha forms a hamlet, is situated a short distance from Mr. Jones's* mansion. It occupies a gentle rise in this pleasant country; and consists of a nave only, near forty yards long, with a handsome square tower at the west end, whose battlements being painted white (a custom prevalent in Monmouthshire), renders it distinguishable from any of the adjoining eminences.

Against the wall, on the right hand side of the Chancel window, is placed a handsome marble Monument, with a long appropriate Inscription, erected by William Jones, esq. of Clytha House, to the memory of his Lady; which with some few armorial bearings (confirming the truth of the early possessors of the district, as stated in their pedigrees), carved on the sides of the Reading Desk (very

* The late William Jones, esq. was of that class of English Gentlemen, as made their paternal estates, with a very trifling exception (as do the Lanarth family), their residence throughout the year; and his communications to Mr. Williams's History of Monmouthshire, shew the interest he took in preserving the records of his native county.

ROAD TO ABERGAVENNY.

curious, and as old as the building), and on the upright posts of seats in the Chancel, equally ancient, are all the objects of interest within its walls. The Living is a Vicarage, in the gift of the See of Llandaff.

HILLGROVE.

At the distance of a few hundred yards from the road, stands the pleasant mansion of the late Rev. John Jones, whose kindness laid the foundation of these pages. In attempting to illustrate this part of the Tour, I feel peculiar pleasure in bringing forward this highly beautiful spot, the description of which was written by its worthy owner, and given by him for insertion, while enjoying his society in the Grotto, from whence the surrounding objects here mentioned were surveyed, which equals, in point of situation, any residence between Monmouth and Abergavenny, the intermediate towns.

"The situation is within the hamlet of Clytha, on the turnpike road leading from Abergavenny to Usk, distant from the former six miles, from the latter five, from Ponty-pool eight, and from Monmouth ten; in a fine fertile country and one of the best neighbourhoods in Monmouthshire; having

Lanarth Court, Clytha House and Castle, Trostre Lodge, Lancaimfraed Court, Langattock House, and Pant-y-Gwitre; with several other respectable dwelling houses of gentlemen of property."

THE PROSPECT,

WHICH IS WESTWARD, MAY BE thus DESCRIBED:

"About ten degrees from the south point, westward, we view a remarkable Beech Tree, late the property of

ROAD TO ABERGAVENNY.

T. Prethero, esq. of Usk, called, as it is imagined, from its peculiar appearance, *Y Ffawydden Deg*, which, in English, signifies the beautiful Beech Tree. The situation of this tree is such, that it is seen from most elevated points in the county; and, from the Bristol Channel, is reckoned a landmark. A few degrees more to the west, is seen Pentwyn-barlwn, commonly called Pentwnbarlon. This, no doubt, in former times, was a Beacon, and is situated near that noted ruin, called Caer-Beli, or Caerphilly Castle, in Glamorganshire. More to the westward are seen the hills that encircle Pont-y-pool, near which is the seat of Capel Leigh, esq.; and the over-hanging woods in the park, are embellished with a building, erected on Mynydd-Bach, by the late Capel Hanbury, esq.—From hence a very agreeable prospect.

“ Further to the right, and in front of this spot, is the Blorange Hill, which affords as fine a landscape as can be imagined for ten miles. A few degrees north of the Blorange, and quite under the hill, is the town of Abergavenny; to the right of which we see, to the completest and most charming advantage, those admired hills called the Skirrid-Fach, the Sugarloaf, and the Skirrid-Fawr; and, further on, in the same direction, the Ewlich hill, beyond Crickhowell, the Black Mountain and the Hatterall Hills, in Breconshire, with the Cwmyoy Hills, in Monmouthshire. In short, the prospect is a semicircle of hills, the outline of which may be supposed an extent of at least eighty miles. These eminences maintain such a dignity in the scene, that grandeur and sublimity are united in a singular manner; the whole forming such a noble amphitheatre, adorned with the most charming and

ROAD TO ABERGAVENNY.

picturesque views of hills, churches, gentlemen's seats, farm houses, groves, vales, meads, and the meandering form and course of the river Usk, which presents itself from hence in five different points of view, that few prospects can possibly be more delightful and engaging. Moreover, should the eye be fatigued by such a prodigality of beauty, and glad to be shrouded awhile from the view of it; near this spot is found a little grove, wherein are a few walks, with seats so judiciously arranged and formed, that a partial view of the prospect is seen from among the boughs of trees."

LINES ON THE GROTTO AT HILLGROVE.

"Here sleep, Ambition!—be this Grot thy Tomb!
"Vanish, and give the calmer passions room!
"Avant, vain world! this solitary grove,
"Nor fears thy Malice, nor invites thy Love;
"And though, like thine, its dark and winding maze,
"Tangles our paths, and for awhile betrays,
"Let Patience guide,—and, one short trial past,
"Content shall greet us in this spot at last."

To conclude, in the language of my departed friend, "These circumstances of scenery and rural appendages, form such a pleasing combination, that few situations can certainly be more gratifying or agreeable to the wishes and expectation of the visitor."

This residence was formerly called *The Spout*, (Welsh, *Pistyll*), from a stream of clear water running near the house; but changed from its unworthy appellation, to a name more expressive of, and compatible with, its beauties. On giving this Parnassus title to his *Chateau sur Usk*, Mr. Jones invited a party to enjoy the hospi-

ROAD TO ABERGAVENNY.

talities of his table, among whom the writer had the pleasure of being associated. Mirth and good humour presided, and an officer, though he held no post in the "Herald's College," a situation my friend would have delighted in, from his love and knowledge of the subject, proved himself an accomplished disciple of Orpheus, from whose school he gave several excellent examples of taste and science.

A few years after, the health of this worthy Divine began to yield to infirmity—whose power we must sooner or later acknowledge—and he retired to the tomb in his own Rectory, leaving a name that will always be cherished with a just esteem by those whose minds take a pleasure in historical investigation; for on his urn might with truth be engraved, "Here rests not only a Lover, but a Preserver, of the venerable Antiquities of Monmouthshire."

How would his feelings unite in the general joy of all travellers—particularly those who knew the district before the improvements took place—were he to survey the present state of Ragland Castle, and in a more especial manner the witnessing, from his parlour window, the Mail and Stage Coaches, united with the infinite variety of equipages of the nobility and gentry, whose attentions were drawn to the spot by his notice of their beauties, as described from the Grotto in his Garden? The picture is so justly delineated by his pencil, that language has nothing further to add to his matchless portrait of that scenery which spread itself before him every morning that he rose from his pillow at the return of day,

ROAD TO ABERGAVENNY.

"Worthy Friend & accept this small Tribute of Esteem for your Memory ! excited by the *con amore*, regard I bear it—first indited at the Frame, by the impulse of feeling, which distract, at all times, the aid of the pen; when called into action by claims like yours ; and will never cease till time shall render cold the fingers which selected these letters to perpetuate your ever honoured Grave !*

Since Mr. Jones's decease, Hillgrove has been sold to the Llanarth family, and now occupied by another family.

AT TROSTRE,

Near Hillgrove, the river Usk abounds with salmon ; and the inspection of the trap for taking them would afford some amusement to those travellers who had not before witnessed such a method for their destruction.

Extensive Iron Works were, for many years, carried on at this place, under the firm of the "Trostre Company," by merchants at Bristol ; but they have since ceased, and fallen into ruin. The House, beautifully situated on the shore of the Usk, and called "Trostre Lodge," is now the residence of a private family.

"Near these Works stands what was once the respectable and hospitable House of the Manor, for four genera-

* Mr. Jones was in figure a fine manly character, and there was that cheerful smile of good nature (the index of his benevolent heart) which lighted up his countenance, waited on the sister-servants in band, with which he greeted my visits to Hillgrove, that resembled the benevolent feelings of an indulgent father to a son who had long been absent from his parental home.

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tions the mansion and property of the family of Hughes, who had, by marriage with the heiress of Johns of the same place. Robert, the third descendant of this family, was particularly beloved in the county, and therefore fixed on as a candidate for its representation, but in which he was unsuccessful. The estate having been somewhat injured by this contest, and still more by the imprudences of the eldest son, was sold to Valentine Morris, esq. of Persfield, and now belongs to Sir Samuel Fludyer, bart. It is now occupied, with the land, by a farmer.

"The manor of Trostre or Trostrey, bounded on one side by a beautiful river, and sheltered on the other by hills of various forms, constitutes a scene charmingly picturesque. The hills are irregular cliffs; steep and bold projections into the valley, covered with woody mantles, which the enterprising farmer gradually removes for cultivation; the eye is not offended for a moment by an object that is barren or bald; and the contrast of a venerable mansion verging on ruin, and the then active prosperity of an iron forge, agitates the mind, rouses the passions, and by setting the imagination on the wing, multiplies the pleasures of taste." — *Williams's Mon.*

From hence is a pleasant drive to the Town of USK.

LANSINTFRAED.

Returning to the turnpike road, from whence we had a little deviated, we soon arrive at the above mansion; recorded, in the pedigree of the Herberts, to have been the residence of their ancestors at a very early period.

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and Thomas ap Gwillim ap Jenkin,* of Perthyer (in the parish of Rockfield, two miles from Monmouth), who was seated here in the reign of Richard II. made great additions to his fortune, by his marriage with Matud, daughter and heir of Sir John Morley, knight, lord of Ragland Castle, from whom the present Earl of Pembroke, by the male line, is descended. He is said to have been a tall and handsome man. His son, Sir William Thomas, by the above lady, was an distinguished military character in the reign of Henry the Fifth, being present with his sovereign and countryman at the battle of Azincourt, in defence of whose person he lost his life, while bravely fighting by his side, as mentioned under Ragland. In the person of his son, William Herbert, his house became ennobled, by King Edward IV. who conferred on him the dignity of Earl of Pembroke.

On the death of this nobleman, William, his son and heir, succeeded to the title; but King Edward IV. being desirous of dignifying his son, Prince Edward, with the Earldom of Pembroke, procured a resignation of the same from this William; and in lieu thereof, created him Earl of Huntington. Which William married Mary, the fifth sister and coheir of Richard Woodville, Earl of Rivers, by whom he had an only daughter, his heir, named Elizabeth, who married Sir Charles Somerset,

* William ap Jenkin, called Herbert, or Hirbert, possibly from his stature and beauty (the word, in Cambro-British meaning tall and beautiful), was lord of Gwern-ddu (the black oxes), a short distance from Abergavenny, and had four sons, the third of whom, Howell ap Gwillim, called Herbert, was ancestor to the Jones's of Tre-owen, Lanarth, and Clytha; Mr. Jones of Lanarth being heir male of the said Howell.

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afterwards created Earl of Worcester, and carried with her the vast possessions of her ancestors into this family, with whose descendants they have since continued.

Thus, says Mr. Williams, "At a time, when military talents constituted the first claim to honors and wealth, the family of Herbert spread its brauches and ramifications through the whole of ancient Siluria; and in Monmouthshire, possessed several of the best mansions and estates. But at this time, there is not a gentleman of the name of Herbert in the county; and the present Earl of Pembroke, the representative of a family which ruled it by the influence of extensive manors, is not the proprietor of an acre of its land."

"Such are the vicissitudes of a great house, whose fortunes have been connected with those of Courts; while, an elder branch of the same family has retained, in the revolutions of centuries, the possessions of its ancestors, under the disadvantages of a religion, which, since the Reformation, has excluded it from favour, interest, or protection at Court; supposed to be the means of acquiring or preserving estates in families, through any considerable succession of ages."

Lansaintfraed having continued for several centuries, in a regular male succession, the issue at last ended in an only daughter, named Susan (whose father's name was Henry, and he the son of William) Jones, by whose marriage with the father of the late John Rickards, Esq. the estate became his property.

Some years ago it was let to James Greene, Esq. who first improved, beautified, and adorned the mansion; but



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since his decease, added to that of Mr. Rickards, the estate was sold to the late Richard Lee, Esq. of Lansaintfraed, near Abergavenny, father to the lady of the late John Jones, Esq. of Lanarth Court, in whose possession it remains, and is now the residence of the Bishop of Llandaff, this part of the county being in that Diocese.

Lansaintfraed House occupies a pleasing eminence on the right of the turnpike road, and commands a view of some of the finest scenery in the county, particularly the vale, through which the river Usk winds its course; bounded on every side by the lofty mountains, particularly specified from the Grotto at Hillgrove—the landscape here glowing in the profusion of all its beauties.

Lansaintfraed Church, which signifies the Church of St. Bridget, stands on the demesne to the south of the mansion—a small edifice, consisting of only a nave, fourteen yards long by four wide, with a lofty vaulted and ceiled roof, apparently appropriated (when erected) solely to the service of the family here resident.

Care having been taken by Mr. Jones's ancestors, to perpetuate their memory, by mural monuments and flat stones in the Church, the whole of the Record is nearly preserved, from the decease of Thomas Gwilliam Jenkin, Esq. July 8, 1438, to that of John Rickards, Esq. July 18, 1804, embracing a period of nearly *four hundred years!*

The Living of Lansaintfraed is a small Rectory. The present Incumbent is the only son of the late Rev. John Jones, of Hillgrove.

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While speaking of the Herberts and their descendants, the following *Anecdote* of the *Wernddu family* [a branch of that house] near Abergavenny, was communicated to the public by the late William Jones, Esq. of Clytha, who observed, "The old inhabitants of Monmouthshire valued themselves much on account of their families."

"About eighty years ago (the account was written in 1795,) Mr. Proger, of Wernddu, hearing from a friend that he intended to visit him, took a ride, on the morning of the day when he expected him, to Monmouth, in order to shew him the way to his house that evening. They dined at Monmouth, but as it rained hard, they were obliged to stay there some hours longer than they intended. However, on its clearing up in the evening, Mr. Proger proposed setting out immediately; to this the stranger objected, it being rather late, and he was afraid it would soon begin to rain again. As to its being late, replied Mr. Proger, we shall have moon-light; and if it should happen to rain hard, Perthyer is but a little way out of our road, and my cousin Powell will, I am sure, be very ready to give us a night's lodging. They accordingly mounted their horses, but had not gone far when the rain again began to pour; they therefore rode up to Perthyer, where they found every thing still, in fact, it being a long summer's evening, the family were all gone to bed; but as Mr. Proger knew in what part of the house Mr. Powell lay, he was determined he should himself hear him, and therefore shouted aloud under his chamber window. Mr. Powell soon heard him, and putting his head out at the window, asked, 'In the name of wonder, what means all this noise? Who is there?' 'It is only your cousin Proger of Wernddu, who is come to your hospitable door for shelter from the inclemency of the weather, and hopes you will be so kind as to give him, and a friend of his, a

ROAD TO ABERGAVENNY.

night's lodging.' 'What is it yes, cousin Proger? You and your friend shall be instantly admitted, but upon one condition, namely, That you will now admit, and never hereafter dispute, that I am the head of your family.'

"'What was that you said?' replied Mr. Proger. 'Why, I say, that if you expect to pass the night in my house, you must admit that I am the head of your family.' 'No, Sir, I never will admit that; were it to rain swords and daggers, I would ride through them this night to Wernddu, sooner than let down the consequence of my family, by submitting to such an ignominious condition. Come up, Bald; come up!' 'Stop a moment, cousin Proger; have you not often admitted, that the first Earl of Pembroke (of the name of Herbert), was a younger son of Perthyer; and will you set yourself up above the Earls of Pembroke?' 'True it is, I must give place to the Earl of Pembroke, because he is a Peer of the realm; but still, though a Peer, he is of the youngest branch of my family, being descended from the fourth son of Wernddu, who was your ancestor, and settled at Perthyer, whereas I am descended from the eldest son. Indeed, my cousin Jones of Lanarth is of a branch of the family elder than you are; and yet he never disputes my being the head of the family.' 'Well, cousin Proger, I have nothing more to say: good night to you.' 'Stop a moment, Mr. Powell,' cried the stranger, 'you see how it pours; do let me in at least; I will not dispute with you about our families.' 'Pray, Sir, what is your name, and where do you come from?' 'My name is so and so, and I come from such a county.' 'A Saxon of course: it would indeed be very curious, Sir, were I to dispute with a Saxon about family. No, Sir, you must suffer for the obstinacy of your friend, so good night to you both.' Thus did the folly of family pride oblige two gentlemen to ride about twelve miles in a very wet evening.—Williams's Monmouthshire."

ROAD TO ABERGAVENNY.

From Llancafnfras the road still continues to oblige the eye by its fine scenery, when on reaching
COLDBROOK, the mind is again awakened by the historical recollections of the former owners of the mansion.

This House is memorable for having been the residence of three distinguished characters, viz. Sir Richard Herbert, whom we have before mentioned, Lord Herbert of Cherbury (who lived both here and at St. Julians, in this county), and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, K. B. the distinguished wit and companion in the reign of George the Second. The late owner, John Hanbury Williams, esq. was nephew to the latter gentleman. His father, Mr. George Hanbury, of Lanfoist, near Abergavenny, succeeded Sir Charles, and took upon him the name of Williams, on coming into possession of these estates, which are of considerable value, lying within a ring fence, and in one of the most pleasant parts of the kingdom.

" Coldbrook House is situated in a beautiful woodland at the base of a hill, called the Little Skirrid, in the Cambro-British, Skyrryd Vach. Though the summits of all the little undulations of the ground command beautiful views, the house is a retired object; and though it has some circumstances tending to magnificence when examined, the first ideas, on approaching it, are those of solitude and simplicity. The imagination is not diverted from the soothing notion of a retreat, by any trinkets scattered around; and hardly any of the collateral circumstances, in the paths and stations of the paddock, disagree with the general character. The present condition, and even the furniture, are nearly the same as they were left.

ROAD TO ABERGAVENNY.

By the late Sir C. Hanbury Williams, whose characteristic was the love of pleasure." Some of the pictures, and a few culinary dispositions,* are the principal indications of the times; for the sober and temperate disposition of the place remains, and even vanity itself has left it simple, elegant, and free from ostentation."—*Williams's Mon.*

The estate is now the property of F. Williams, esq. who here resides.

The mansion is not publicly shewn, but in my own person this favour was granted; which afforded particular pleasure, from contemplating, for the first time, the portraits here preserved of Sir C. H. Williams, of whom there are two, a whole length, and kit-cat size, but I could not learn who painted them.

Sir Charles is drawn in a thoughtful posture (copied I conceive from an attitude in which Mr. Pope is represented), his head supported by the right hand, his elbow resting on a writing desk, while in the left he holds a paper, on which is wrote "Isabella, or the Morning," alluding to his poem so named. His countenance impresses us with the idea of a fine, open, manly, intelligent character; and appears to have been taken when he was about forty-five years of age. His Poems have given him a name in the republic of letters; but their interest is lost at the present day, being written chiefly on subjects and characters which time has consigned to oblivion.

Opposite Goldbrook, is the HARDWICK FARM, one of the finest estates in this part of the county.

The spits are turned by a small water wheel, ingeniously placed in the kitchen.

ROAD TO ABERGAVENNY.

At Coldbrook, the road has been greatly improved by lessening the descent of a long hill, and taking it through the Park. The approach from hence to Abergavenny is, in the language of the Rev. Mr. Jones, "a prodigality of beauty," formed by the scene he describes at Hillgrove, as uniting "picturesque views of hills, churches, gentlemen's seats, farm houses, groves, vales, meads, and the meandering course of the river Usk," as to render the landscape equal to those of many of the distinguished masters of the Italian school.

At the extremity of this fine carriage way, we arrive at the turnpike, and enter a confined street, which soon conducts us to the principal Inns, and other parts of the Town, of

ABERGAVENNY.

Which derives its name from *Aber* and *Gavenny*, being situated on the conflux of the *Gavenny* and *Usk*, and is supposed to have been a Roman Station, deemed the *Gobannium* of Antoninus, in the 12th Iter. of his "Itinerary."

The Traveller will meet with an agreeable situation in visiting the remains of its ancient Castle, and from the walks around it will obtain delightful views of the scenery so much the subject of these pages. Nor should he omit the Church, unquestionably the finest and most interesting, for its ancient and historical sepulture, in the whole range of the district. The Blorens, Sugarloaf, and Skyrnid Hills, the very extensive Iron Works at Blaenavon, Lanthony Abbey, and many other places, will afford pleasant excursions during a temporary residence of the visitor.

ROAD TO ABERGAVENNY.

The following information may be acceptable to travellers at a distance from home:

Inns and Posting Houses.—**ANGEL**, occupied by Mrs. Lewis.—**GREYHOUND**, occupied by Mr. Evans.

Each of them spacious and commodious houses, alike situated in the best and most frequented part of the town, and within a few minutes walk both of the church and the castle.
There are other respectable inns, but these only are noticed as being posting houses.

London and South Wales and South of Ireland Mail.—Goes out to London every morning about ten o'clock. Comes in from London, for South Wales and South of Ireland, every afternoon about three o'clock.

Mail Coach Office.—At the Angel Inn.

Post Office.—At Mr. Watkins's, Printer and Bookseller, next door to the Angel Inn.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more charming than the continuance of the Tour to Brecknock. On leaving Abergavenny, the road may be deemed a grand path between hills, formed by the huge Morens and Llanwenarth Greig, here stretching themselves on each side of it, whose vales are watered by the river Usk, which constitutes a playful companion. And at the beautifully situated parish of

Joyregis, comes **CRICKHOWELL,**

[Welsh, Cerrig Howell—Howell's Stones, from memorials of the kind standing at or near the place.]

We may pass some hours in contemplating the diversified objects that every where arrest his attention.

CHICKHOWELL.

Accustomed, as the eye of the writer has been for forty years, to the rich landscapes of Monmouthshire, he never can erase from his mind the impression it received in an excursion from hence to this village. Soon as he reached the turnpike gate, the sun was rising in the Majesty of Day, as it had then just "climbed the highest hill," animating Creation by its presence, the effect was truly *sublime!* It was at that season of the year when Nature was attired in her richest colours; and the public carriage road I have above described, continuing for six miles through this interesting district, called forth those feelings of delight I am not able, by the ordinary power of language sufficiently to express.

THE VILLAGE,

Standing on the banks of the before mentioned river, and the fish in the waters having, by the neighbouring gentlemen, been preserved for the *lovers of the angle*, has become a favoured resort for that amusement. The late Admiral Gell, on retiring from the Naval Service, made this place his constant residence; and from the delight he took in that species of rural exercise, caused many characters of kindred spirit and fortune, to increase the society of this highly favoured parish and its neighbourhood.

Here are two large and good inns, the *Bear* and the *Beaufort Arms*, at each of which carriage and other visitors will meet with every requisite attention.

Parties making excursions through the country, who might be induced to sojourn here for any time, will find it very convenient for the receipt and delivery of letters, a mail bag being made up to all parts the kingdom.



CRICKHOWELL.

The opposite shore of the river Usk, at this place, is named

LANGATTOCK-CRICKHOWELL,

and may be deemed, in point of pecuniary value, one of the richest benefices [a Rectory], in the surrounding district. It was, for many years, held by the Rev. John Price, Librarian to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, uncle to my valued friend, the Physician of that name, now of Swansea.

On a visit to that Seat of the Muses, to my school and class-fellow at Hartlebury,* Senior-fellow of Worcester College, I was introduced to the Librarian, for the purpose of claiming his assistance in reference to the books and papers under his care;—but, tho' I explained the motives, and he observed he had made abstracts from records therein, connected with Monmouthshire, he did not offer to sell or lend his *materiel*, a proposal to which I should have listened with “greedy ear;”—indeed, his reception was so devoid of that *enthousiasme*, to which I had been accustomed, from my literary connexions, that I soon made my *congee*, and proceeded through the rooms with my guide, to the object of my wishes,—the references made by Dugdale, Tanner, &c.—which I soon found gave no additional information to any part of my Collections.

On the decease of Mr. Price, the Duke of Beaufort, as Lay Propriator, presented the Benefice to his

* Hartlebury, in the county of Worcester, the episcopal palace of the Diocese.—and

“Where in boyhood we shay'd.”

CRICKHOWELL.

brother, the Rt. Rev. Lord Wm. Somerset, Prebendary of Bristol, and Rector of Tintern, in the county of Gloucester, in whose possession it now remains.

The *Parsonage* (Parsonage House), is beautifully situated near the Church, on the shore of the river Usk; by which it is separated from the grand mail coach road from London to South Wales and the South of Ireland.

The continuance of the road to Brecon is carried over a lengthened hill, called the *Bwlch*, which signifies a pass between hills, at the foot of which Crickhowell is situated; and in its neighbourhood many Iron Works have been erected, which add to the commercial prosperity of the district. The road is one continued scene of beauty from hence to Brecon.

CRICKHOWELL BEACONS.

The hills, which form the sides of this pass, are named the *Crickhowell Beacons*, from their loftiness, and extent of country they overlook. They are the chosen retreat of the Grouse,—furnish large quantities of Cranberries, on which this beautiful part of the feathered creation feed,—and are gathered by the neighbouring poor, who carry them on their heads to all the markets in the surrounding neighbourhood.

GROUSING.

This amusement is more or less opened to the sportsman, as the season is propitious to rearing their young, and is only to be obtained by leave of the different Lords to whom these several manors belong.

The season is but of short duration, continuing only for a few weeks.

CRICKHOWELL.

Having accompanied the traveller to the confines of the county, the writer now takes a respectful leave of his reader, and will be most gratified if he has contributed to the general store of amusement or information through this historic district. To his own mind it has been a perpetual fountain of the purest pleasure, and he returns home under the hope of illustrating, at a future day, this beautiful and interesting portion of Monmouthshire.—For a knowledge of Breconshire, he refers the traveller to Mr. Jones's valuable History of that County.

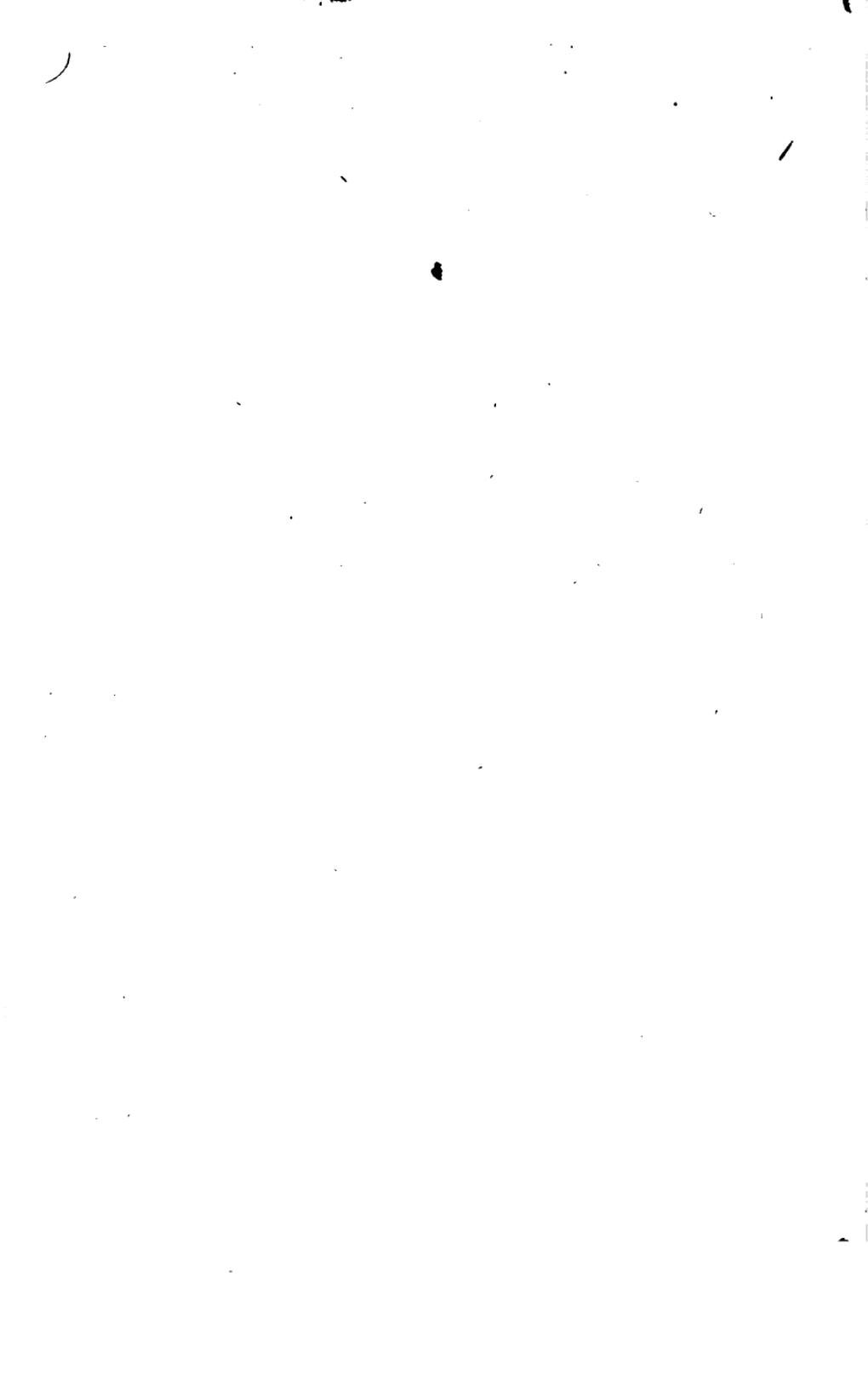
The following are the Post Towns through which the London and Milford Mail passes on its road to Ireland—
Brecon (county town), Trecastle, Landovery (Carmarthenshire), Landilo, Carmarthen (county town), St. Clears, Narberth (Pembrokeshire), Haverfordwest, and Milford Haven, from whence the Packets proceed for Ireland immediately on the arrival of the Mail.

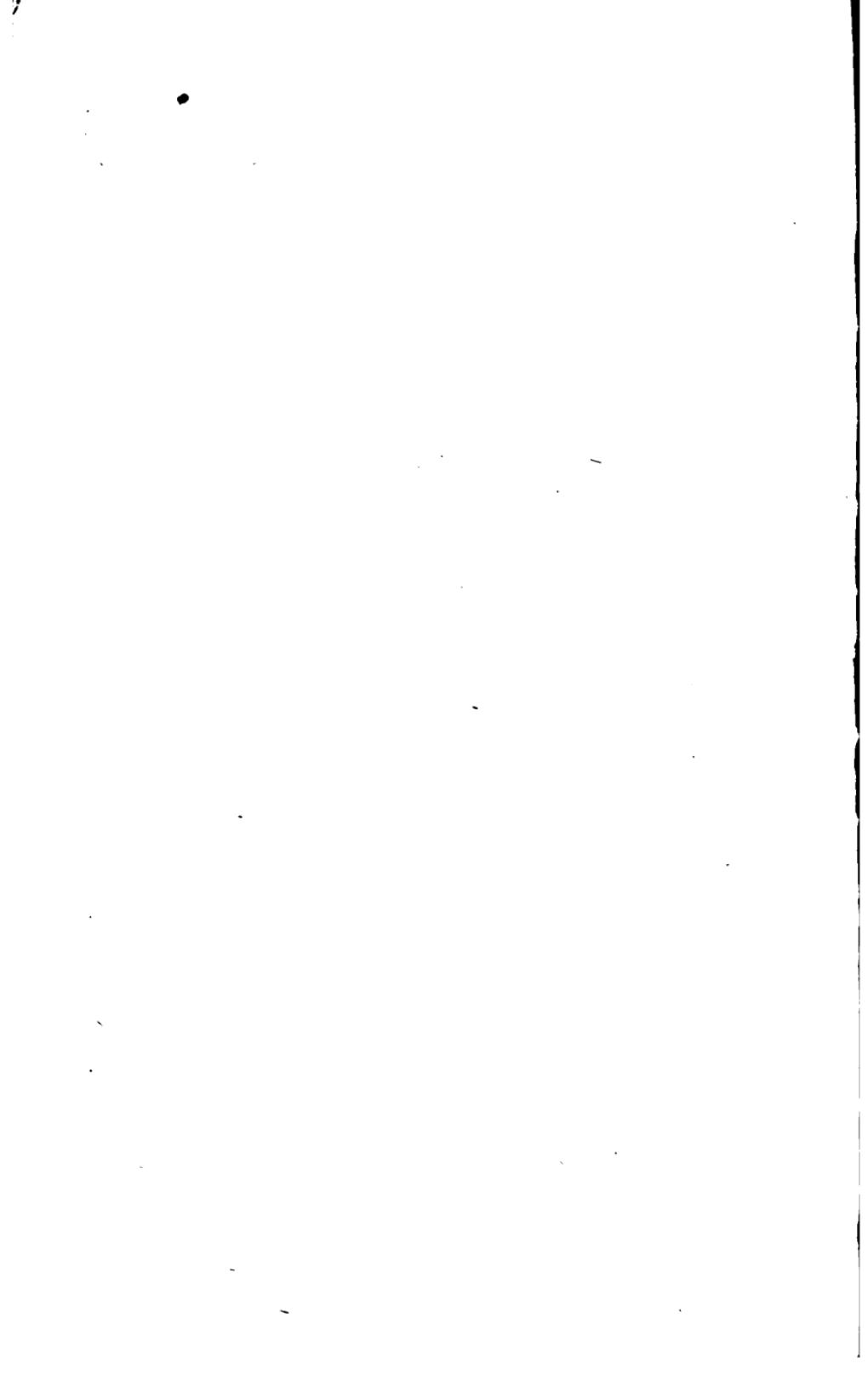
London and Milford Mail
Brecon (county town), Trecastle, Landovery (Carmarthenshire), Landilo, Carmarthen (county town), St. Clears, Narberth (Pembrokeshire), Haverfordwest, and Milford Haven, from whence the Packets proceed for Ireland immediately on the arrival of the Mail.

DURBURY.

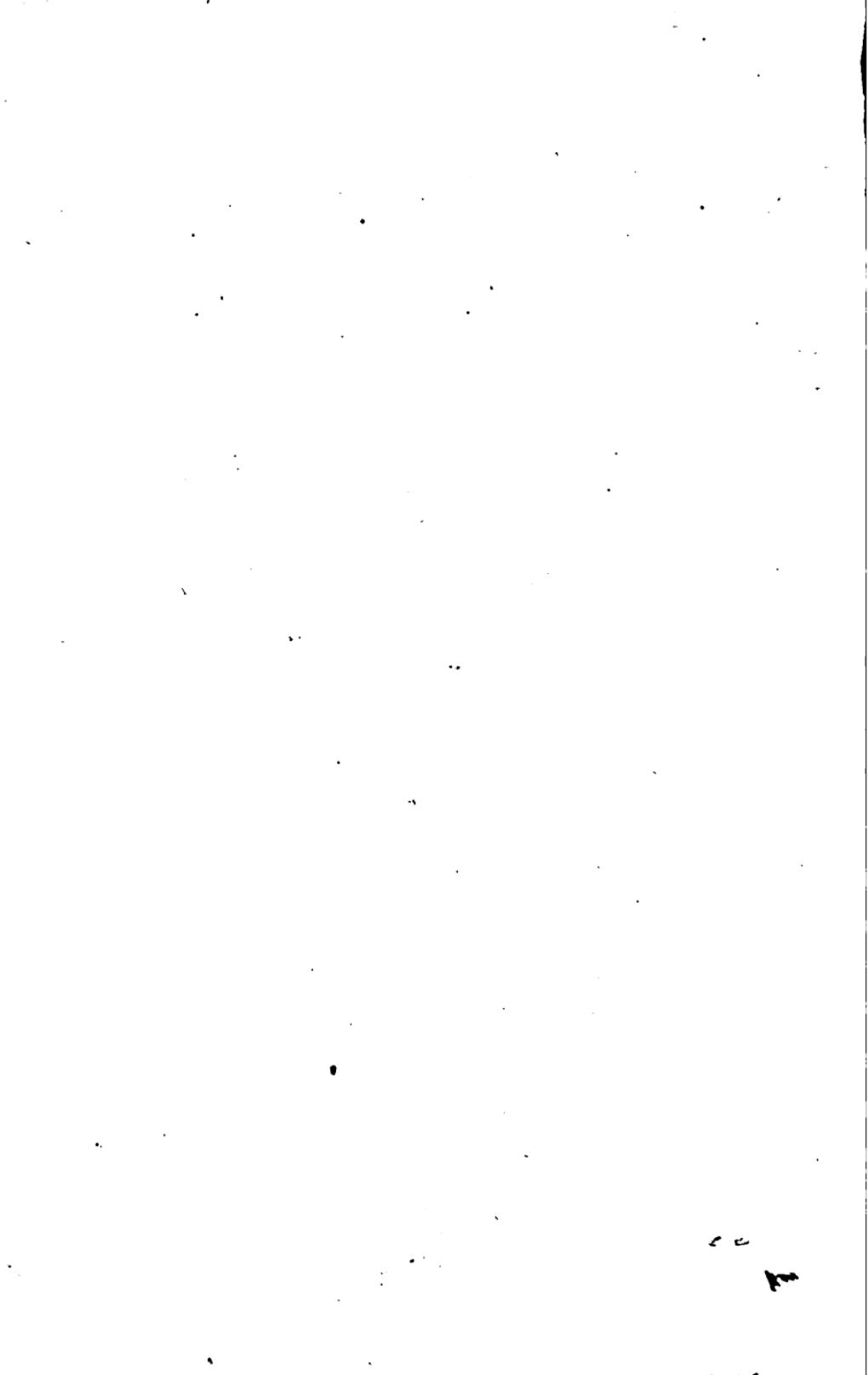
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HEATH, MONMOUTH.

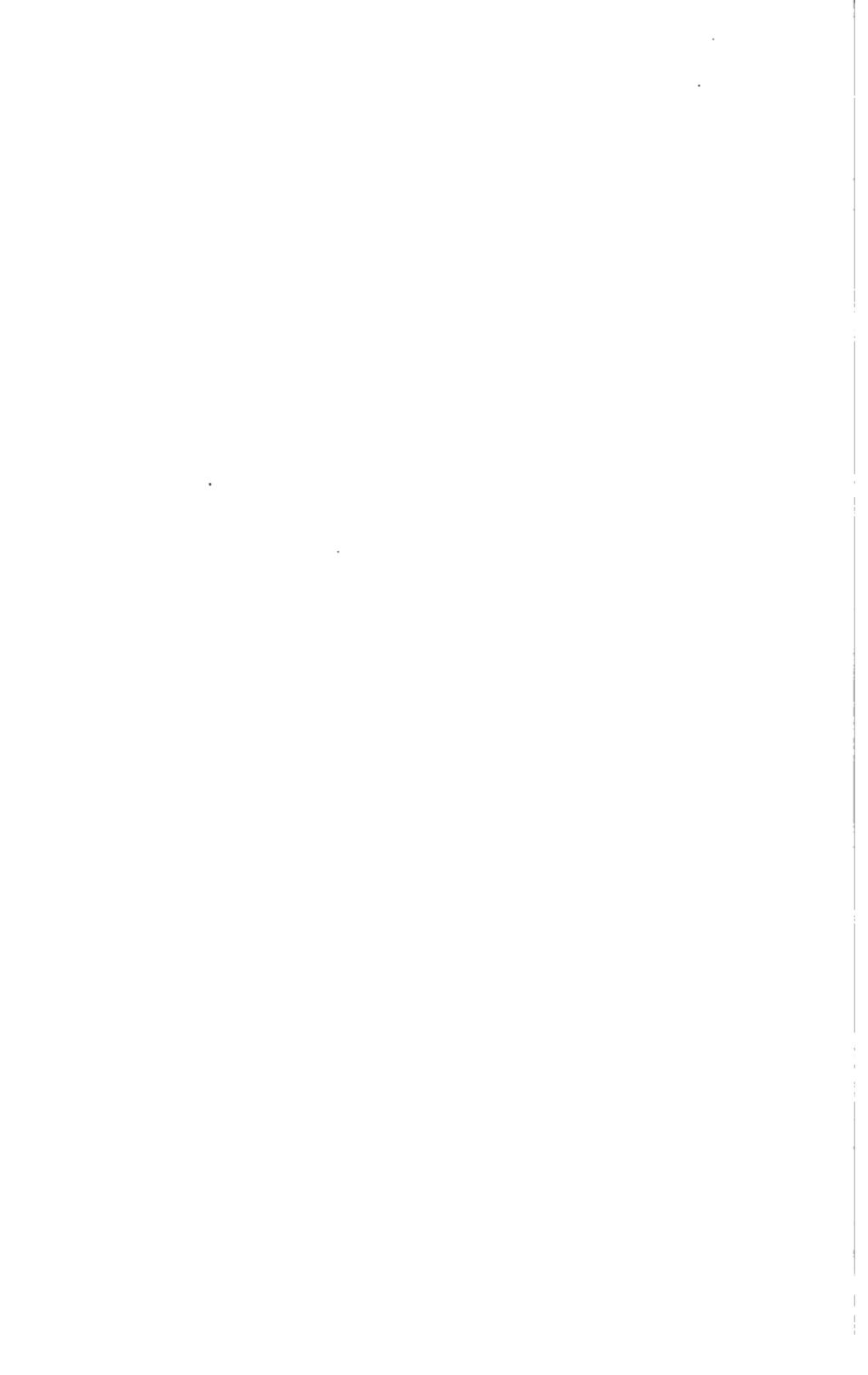


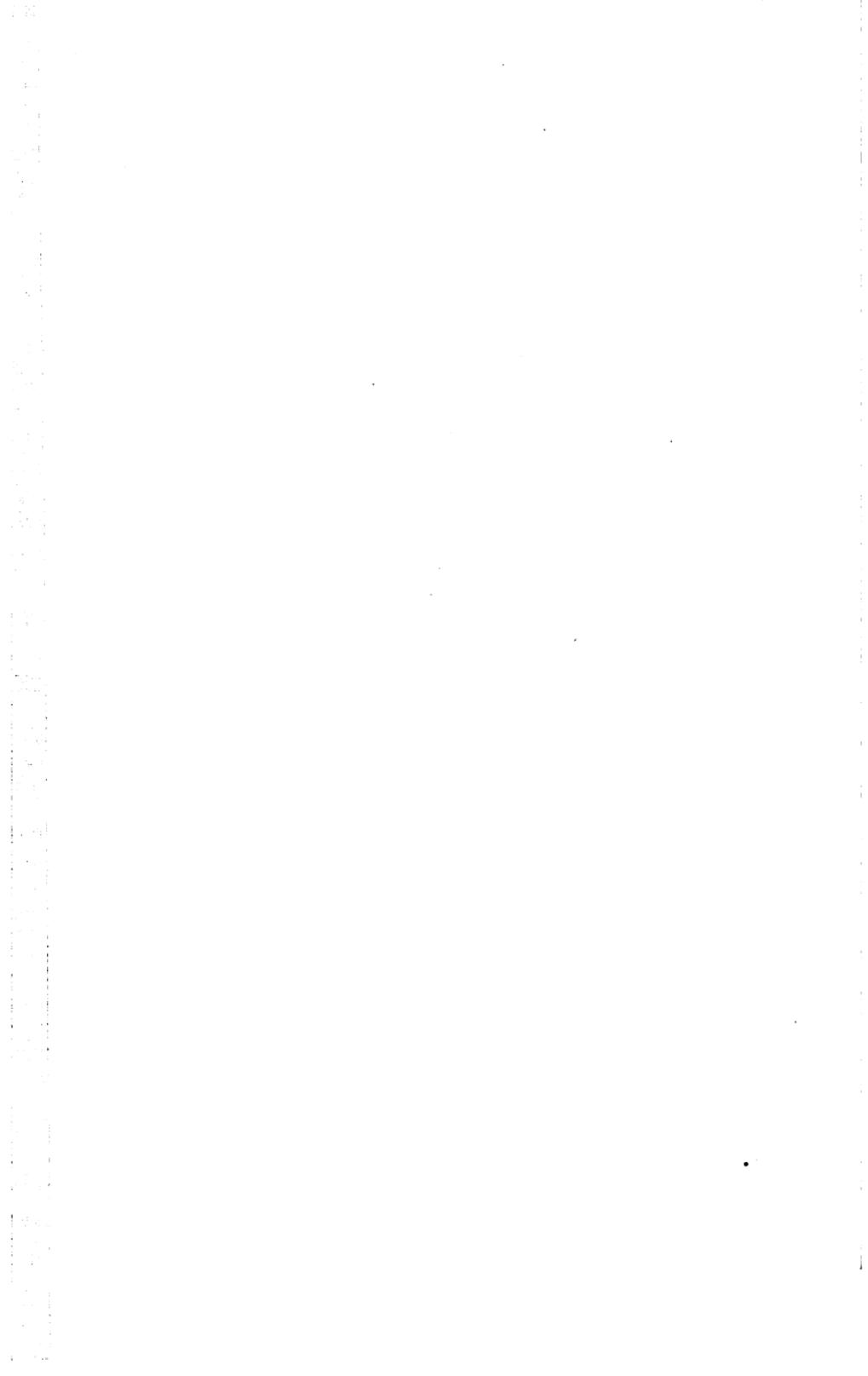


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